

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE WONDERFUL THING AN AIRMAN DID

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SIX SHEEP MAKE A CALL

UNWANTED LISTENERS AT CHURCH

A Little Disturbance on a Sunny Sunday Morning

INTERRUPTED SERMON

Nothing, surely, could be more disturbing to a preacher than to have his sermon interrupted by what sounded like a contemptuous *Bah!*

That happened the other day at a Baptist Church in Forest Hill. True, the exclamation was spelled *Baa*, but the sound was the same, and the Rev. George Wilson Warwick was unable to finish his discourse.

All the doors had been left open because of the heat, and at one of them a sheep appeared. He said *Baa*, and then he walked in and lay down, apparently quite content, on the delicious coolness of the paved aisle.

Follow My Leader

With a great clatter five other sheep followed him.

A drover had been taking a flock through the street outside, and they had stampeded through the traffic. Here, after the heat and din, six of them found peace and coolness. They decided to stay.

We know what happened when Mary's Little Lamb followed her to school one day. Sad to tell, the grown-up congregation in the church behaved no better than the children who laughed to see a lamb at school.

Some, perhaps, were reminded of Milton's charge against the clergy of his day:

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. Others whispered that at last black sheep were coming to church. Altogether Mr. Warwick, though he must have been tempted to remind his congregation that all we like sheep have gone astray, felt that he could not go on with his sermon.

Instead of trying to do this he came down from the pulpit and tried to drive the sheep out; but the sheep had made up their minds to stay, and even with the deacons to help him the minister could not evict them.

A Story From Yorkshire

At last the drover appeared, very thankful to find the missing members of his flock, and he was able to drive them off without much difficulty.

Then a hymn was announced and the service closed.

It is perhaps the only time sheep have walked into a London church, but we remember how the enemies of a certain Yorkshire clergyman were wont to annoy him by driving a donkey into his church about a century ago. Those pattering little hoofs finally drove him out of the parish.

Amid Sunshine and Flowers



These two happy girls are workers in the flower fields on the hills at Grasse, the lovely village above Cannes, in the South of France. Their lace caps are replaced by the wide straw hats when the sun becomes too hot.

PEACE MOVING ON

THE world is moving forward to the Better Days. Peace is making haste at last.

It is thrilling to see a British Government leading the nations once more on the path toward the fulfilment of the old dream of mankind.

The events now taking place are of the greatest importance for all nations, and they include:

A naval agreement between the English-speaking nations, the greatest step toward Disarmament ever taken.

The withdrawal of the British troops from the Rhine.

The settlement of the question of payments for the war by the Young Plan.

The signing of Optional Clause at The Hague by the British, French, Italian, and nearly 20 other Governments, providing for settlement of all disputes by arbitration.

The acceptance of America as a member of the World Court of Justice.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, is to visit the President of the United States, at Washington, and for the first time in history the heads of the British Empire and the United States of America will meet to consider the common problems of the English-speaking race. Never before has a British Prime Minister visited the United States while in office.

Slowly but surely the seeds sown through suffering and tribulation are coming to harvest, and the great events that are always in the making are hastening to fulfilment. We must be patient yet, for there are great difficulties ahead; but it is true that there have been no more hopeful days since the ending of the war and we may lift up our hearts and be thankful for the progress that has been made.

LITTLE BROTHERS THE LONELY VIGIL OF THE WILDS

Pathetic Adventure in a Natural Paradise of Canada

THE HERO WHO WOULD NOT SAVE HIMSELF

Canada has been stirred by the tale of little Michel Courtois. It will stir England too, but perhaps no one can quite understand what it means unless he has seen the Canadian lakes and mountains, and heard their silence and felt their depths of solitude.

Some months ago Michel and René Courtois left Roberval with their father on a trapping expedition. Michel was 13 and René 19. Very pleasant were the hours the three spent together in the great woods four hundred miles north of Quebec, making their camp fires by lakeside or mountain burn, and sleeping upon piles of leafy branches for beds. The boys listened to their father's hunting tales, and joked, and felt the wilds to be a Paradise.

Missing From Camp

One day Courtois missed his boys from camp. He waited for some time, but at last he came to the conclusion that they had gone home, so he returned to Roberval.

But the boys were not there.

Then the poor man knew that they were lost in the great wilds. The lovely woods, which had seemed as gentle as a tigress playing with her cubs, had become suddenly cruel and terrible.

Search parties set out, and it was two months before they picked up any traces of the lost boys. Then they found them—Michel, a half-starved scarecrow in tattered clothes watching by the dead body of René.

They had gone off on a little hunting expedition, and had not been able to find their way back to camp. They shouted to their father, but their voices were only answered by the silence of the wilds. With none of the equipment for making a camp, with no ammunition for a long sojourn in the forest, they began to suffer from hunger and cold. At last René could stumble no farther. He lay down and died.

A Terrible Vigil

Michel stayed by his dead brother for two months. He would not desert him, even in quest of his own safety. Not the frowning forest, nor the mysterious noises of the night, nor the presence of Death could scare away the faithful little brother. He kept his gallant soul and his starving body together by gathering berries and grubbing up roots. If help had not come in time he would have died at René's side.

It is a proud and sorrowful story, not easily to be matched in the annals of loyalty. Now we can understand what is meant by a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

WHY NOT ONE BIG COAL COMPANY?

The Future of the Mines SOMETHING TO BE DONE SOON

Some people have asked why it is that the Government gives so much help to the railways in carrying out schemes which will give work to the unemployed and does not do the same for the mines.

A very simple answer has been given by Mr. Lansbury, one of the Ministers who are helping Mr. Thomas over unemployment.

He points out that all the enterprises that are to be helped in this way under the new Act of Parliament, including the railways, are companies working under the supervision of the State, with both their profits and their charges limited by the State. He is quite sure, however, that if the coalowners of Britain will put themselves in the same position Parliament will be willing to help them as it is helping the railways.

A Great Scheme of Cooperation

But that would mean that they would have to organise themselves into "one great National Public Utility Company for the purpose of asking Parliament to grant them a monopoly, working under public supervision, with limited profits for coal production and utilisation as a single industry."

There is not much sign that the coalowners are ready to do that. Still, they do seem able to learn something from experience, for they are considering a great scheme of cooperation for the distribution of their coal which will give each a fair share of the trade, and so prevent them from competing with each other at prices that do not pay them and from producing more coal than can possibly be sold at a profit.

When Parliament meets the Government will produce its own plans for the organisation of the coal industry, and it is the knowledge of this fact which has prompted the coalowners to make this belated attempt at setting their own house in order.

ONE MAN AND A NATION Mussolini Still Master

The world was startled a week or two ago to learn that Signor Mussolini had resigned most of his posts into other hands. Could it be that One Man Government was coming to an end in Italy? If the world thought so it was quickly undeceived.

Besides being Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, Mussolini has for several years been head of seven other departments, with an under-secretary to help him with each. Now he has ceased to be minister of these departments and has made the under-secretaries ministers in his stead, and they will continue, as before, to do exactly what he tells them.

Lest anyone should remain in doubt as to the true significance of these changes he has made his position clear in a speech before the Grand Assembly of the Fascist organisation.

"Never before (he said) have I felt so strongly the living being of Fascism; the reality of the doctrine by which the State is centred in one person who is the complete master. The Dictatorship lies in the political, moral, and intellectual force of the man who exercises it, and in the objects at which he aims."

It was his custom, he said, to inform nobody beforehand of his decisions, "excepting only in good time the Chief of the State, namely, his Majesty the King."

MAN'S FASTEST YET THE CREATION OF SPEED

Vital Factors in the Problem of the Aeroplane KEEPING COOL AT SIX MILES A MINUTE

Six miles a minute, we are told, is to be the speed of the future. We shall see. At least it is wonderful, and science has no more remarkable achievement to its credit than the ingenuity which makes this speed possible to a plane.

There are many vital problems involved in reaching such a speed.

In the first place it may be asked why these high-speed machines are always seaplanes, when obviously a land machine, having just a pair of wheels instead of a pair of large floats, should be faster. One very good reason is because such planes must land at high speeds, and vast stretches of water with a fairly even surface are more common than land in the same conditions.

Streamlining

In designing an aeroplane for speed flying the greatest concern is that the machine shall be perfectly streamlined: that is, that all parts exposed shall be shaped so as to offer the least possible resistance to the air and that there shall be the fewest possible surfaces exposed.

To enable the fuselage of the Supermarine S6 seaplane, which made a world record of 357.7 miles an hour, to be most efficiently streamlined it was necessary for the engine to have the smallest possible frontal area, so a special type of Rolls-Royce engine was designed. This has twelve cylinders, and, although its power has not been stated, it probably develops nearly two thousand h.p. To get the most out of it the engine is supercharged. An engine running at a high speed becomes very hot, and water is used to cool it.

Wings as Radiators

In the Supermarine the wings themselves were used as radiators for cooling the water. The upper and lower surfaces of the wings were double sheets of metal with water circulating between the sheets, and little scoops on the wing-tips caused cooling air to circulate inside the wing. But even this ingenious arrangement did not keep the water cool enough to enable the engine to run at anything approaching top speed, so more radiators were fitted on the floats.

The lubrication of the engine is another most important matter. Oil was carried in the tail fin and was taken to the engine and back through pipes along the outside of the fuselage, being cooled by the rush of air.

The centre section of each float carried the necessary petrol, which was fed to the engine through the struts supporting the machine on its floats. In such ways parts of the machine itself were made to serve double purposes, saving weight and space.

Finding a Propeller

Another problem was the finding of the most suitable propeller, for a propeller designed for high speed work is not necessarily efficient when the machine is taking off the water. So the happy medium had to be found.

One great danger which the British designers appear to have overcome is that from the poisonous gas given off by the engine exhaust, which has in the past caused pilots to become unconscious. Efficient methods of ventilation now keep the cockpit clear of the gas.

These are a few of the thousand-and-one problems the designer of high-speed planes must face, but undoubtedly much has been learned that will be of great help in the progress of commercial aviation. One of the greatest problems yet to be solved is that of cost, for the engine of a plane which flies at six miles a minute consumes petrol at a rate of more than a hundred gallons an hour!

A BIRD MOVES WITH THE TIMES

Going Ahead With Civilisation

THE CLEVER LITTLE FLYER OF ARGENTINA

In the sober pages of a bank report we find a deeply interesting account of the curious fact that civilisation in Argentina, that rapidly-advancing South American republic which has now a population of over ten millions, has helped rather than hindered the life of the country's national bird, the oven bird.

This bird, of which there are a number of varieties in South America, resembles the tree-creeper, and gains its popular name from the fact that it constructs a nest resembling an oven. The bird is a little larger than a thrush and builds a nest of mud about fifteen to twenty feet from the ground on a tree or the wall of a house. The nest is nearly a foot high,

Our Castles Are Rising

CASTLES will always be built in the air; it is the Assembly that must build the foundations. These have been begun, and what we have to do now is to go on.

The peoples of the world ask us to go ahead and be quick; we must and are going to take steps toward disarming. Governments need to feel sure that there is as much security in a political agreement as in a regiment of soldiers in the field. Our special contribution must be in the field of naval disarmament. The British Government declines absolutely to build up against the United States of America. We are not out for small things; we are out for the peace of the world.

A nation which risks itself in pioneering for peace is likely to get peace; the nation that takes risks in military preparedness is certain to get war. So we are going to take our risks of peace.

He who draws the sword will perish by the sword. I don't want my country to perish. I don't want that little corner of Scotland from which I come to cease to be a self-respecting, cooperating community of people.

Is not this a question to ask ourselves, each one of us: Do we want our little corner of the world to perish?

The Prime Minister at Geneva

conical in shape, and the cavity in which the eggs are laid, the nest proper, is hidden at the end of a passage.

It seems that these interesting birds discovered that telephone poles would serve them as well as trees, and as the telephone poles were erected along the roads of Argentina the oven bird advanced with the poles. Formerly the bird was never seen north of Entre Rios, but now it has advanced to the northern territory of Misiones.

The oven bird is greatly valued because it feeds upon destructive insects and their grubs. It is also a cheerful singer, and its bright notes, as an Argentine newspaper puts it, are symbolical of the way in which the once little-known area of Argentina is being won for civilisation.

HOW ONE MAN STOPPED A BATTLE

THE DANGER OF RUMOURS

The Arab Army That Was Marching on Jerusalem

A SHEIK AND HIS SWORD

When the news first came through of the riots and murders between Arabs and Jews in Palestine, people talked gravely of the fear of an Arab rising. Some idea of why this did not take place is given in the story of how one man stopped a battle.

Rumours of what was happening reached the Bedouins of Southern Palestine beyond Beersheba, but in an enormously exaggerated form. It was said that the Jews were massacring the Arabs in Jerusalem with the help of British troops, that the Jews had seized the mosques, and that war was being waged against the Faithful everywhere. So 1500 Arabs of the district resolved to know the reason why, and advanced northward fully armed.

A Talk in the Desert

If a police force had met them and fought them they would have thought the rumours confirmed and would have only gone back for reinforcements; besides, the police had work to do elsewhere. So a police chief from Gaza, Major F. A. Partridge, after talking to the paramount sheik of the district and through him persuading the advancing Arabs to hold a parley, went to meet them in the desert accompanied only by an Arab driver.

The lesser chiefs were all for an advance, but Major Partridge, by quietly and patiently telling them the true facts as he sat in the midst of the Bedouin army, persuaded them at last that Britain might be trusted in this matter, but they wanted a sign of goodwill.

The Sword Returned

He learned that one of their number, Sheik Hassan, had had his sword taken from him by a British sentry at the gate of Gaza on a recent visit, although it is customary for a Bedouin gentleman always to wear a sword as a matter of course. Sheik Hassan had laughed at the incident, but his friends were very angry about it. Would the sword be restored? Major Partridge said he would do his best.

And sure enough, a few days later, an Arab policeman set out from Beersheba on a fast trotting camel taking peace and a sword to the Bedouin camp. The Bedouins had had their sign, and next day they quietly returned whence they had come.

THINGS SAID

Don't tell mother.

A boy run over by a car

Once a creed becomes fixed it is dead.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe

We ought to eat more bread.

Minister of Agriculture

We ought to drink more water.

Medical Officer for Plymouth

A man without a sense of humour is like a ship without a compass.

Rev. H. W. R. Elsley

One cannot learn a great deal about the Post Office by sitting all the time at the G.P.O.

The Postmaster-General

Real happiness, which is the only kind worth considering, is the complete fulfilment of the highest ideals any man has.

Mr. John Oxenham

It would be a good thing if in London all vehicles were allowed to go no faster than the old hansom cabs used to.

Mr. H. R. Oswald

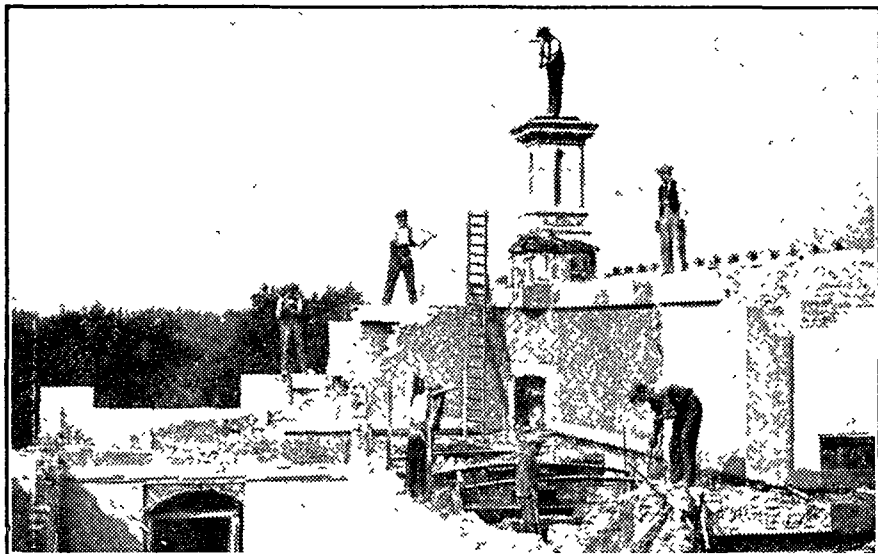
With God all things are possible. Jesus

September 28, 1929

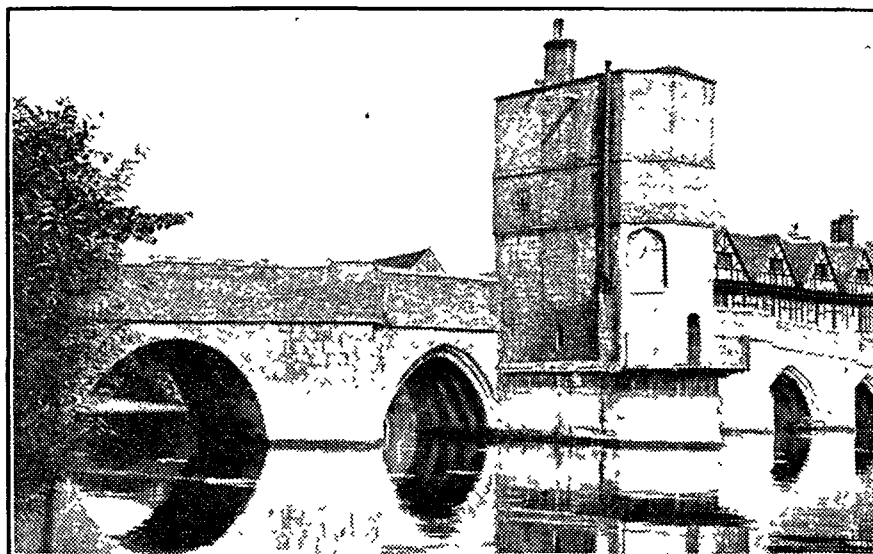
The Children's Newspaper

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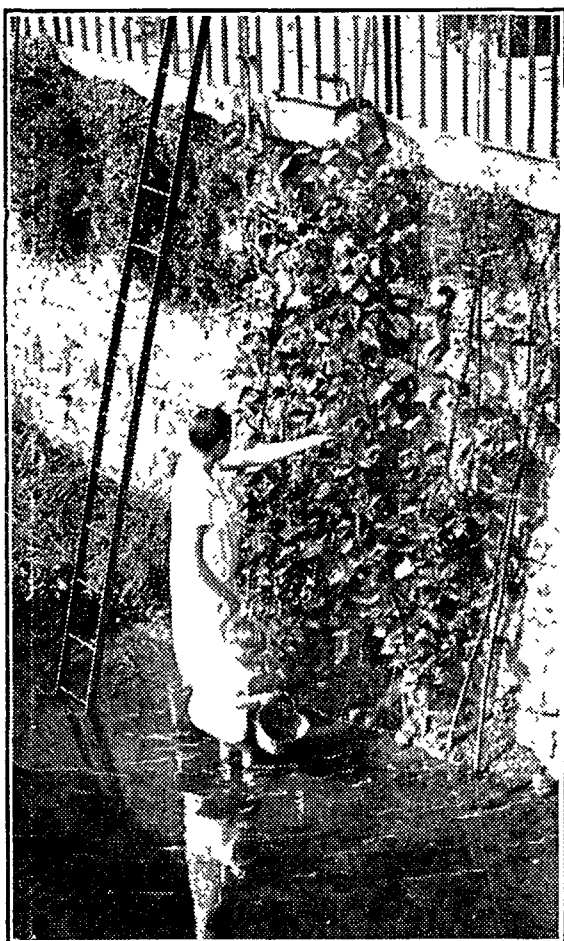
GARDEN IN THE RIVER • THE BIGGEST AIRSHIP • WOMEN PARK-KEEPERS



London Mansion Disappears—Dorchester House, one of London's great Park Lane mansions, is being pulled down to make room for a new hotel. Here we see workmen demolishing it.



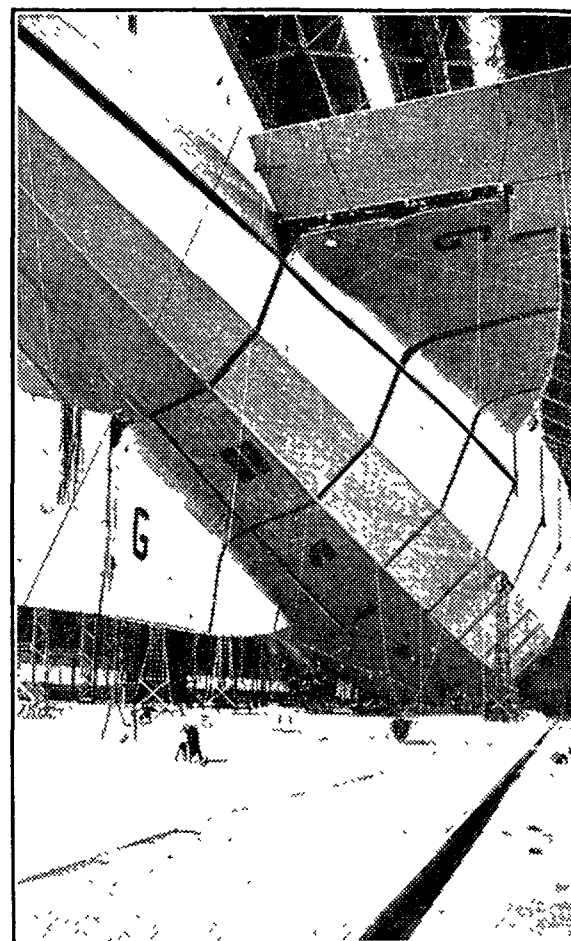
A National Bridge—The famous old chapel on the bridge over the River Ouse at St. Ives is to be preserved by the Office of Works as a national monument.



Garden in the River—The occupants of some houses by the Thames at Abingdon, Berkshire, have no back gardens, so they have planted beans at the water's edge and trained them up a wall. The excellent results are shown here.



Waiting for the Herrings—At this time of the year the Scottish fisher lasses begin to make their way down the East Coast to clean and pack the herring harvest. Here is one of them busy with her knitting while she waits for the trawlers.



World's Biggest Airship—The R100, which is now nearly ready for her trial flights, is here seen in her hangar at Howden, Yorkshire. She has a capacity of five million cubic feet, can lift 63 tons and is the biggest airship in the world.



Women Park-Keepers—For the benefit of children, three women have been appointed park-keepers at Willesden, Middlesex. Here one of them is talking to a party of boys and girls.



Perfume Made in England—A scent industry has been established in the Berkshire village of Aston Tirrold. These girls are gathering flowers from which the perfume is extracted.

THE SPIRIT OF A BIRD

Refusing to be Beaten THE OLD MARTINS AND THEIR LITTLE ONE

A Bristol reader sends us a very interesting observation of how house martins will persist in rearing their young in spite of extraordinary difficulties.

Two nests were built under the eaves of a bungalow, but one of them fell and the eggs were broken on the ground.

Anxiety was felt about the other nest, and presently it also fell, with two young birds safe in it and one killed through falling out. The parent birds were flying around in great distress.

The kindly watchers at once improvised another nest and hung it as near as possible to where the fallen nest had been. The birds flew to the makeshift nest but did not enter it, though the young ones were calling for food. At night the young birds were taken indoors and fed from a small spoon with warm milk, a little sugar and brandy and yolk of egg, and they were kept warm by a small stove.

One Survivor

Next morning they were returned to the makeshift nest, which had been warmed by a hot stone. The old birds flew to them often, but apparently did not feed them.

The next night they were taken indoors again, warmed and fed, and a nest more resembling their own was prepared and placed in position at early dawn. The old birds then began to feed their young. They also started to reconstruct the temporary nest by making its entrance narrower.

One of the young ones, which had evidently been hurt by the fall, did not thrive, and at last succumbed, but the other grew apace, and in the evenings the three birds could be seen nestling together, and they were very friendly with the family that had helped them, exchanging greetings with them.

After some time the fledgeling was seen on the edge of the nest flapping its wings and eager for flight, and a little later the rescuers had the joy of seeing the birds on the wing together and all three returning at night to the nest so curiously made and adopted.

THE ICEBERG AND THE WEATHER

There are remarkable plans fermenting in busy skilful brains now for controlling the enormous icebergs that come down from the coast of Greenland into the North Atlantic.

It is suggested that the weather might be controlled by loosening the ice; a few idle warships internationally owned might bombard the white sides of the snowy glittering towers with profound effects on climate.

Floating icebergs, it is believed, absorb organic heat, and tend to affect the climate of Europe beneficially, especially in preventing summer droughts. Ice might be held back when it seemed necessary. Human control of the weather—that is the tremendous ideal toward which scientists are labouring. Then, if they succeed, lost for ever will be the thrill of pleasure when the rainy-looking morning of the cricket match turns surprisingly fine.

MANY GRANDMOTHERS

It is not unusual for a great-grandmother to have many daughters, granddaughters, and great-granddaughters; but it is surely very unusual for a baby to have two grandmothers, four great-grandmothers, and one great-great-grandmother all alive. Yet at Mailly-Champagne, Mme. Chandelot-Quatresols has just given birth to a baby boy who has all these ancestresses alive round him.

We hope he will not be a very spoiled little boy.

THE HOLY TEMPLE HOME OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DREAM

Laying the Foundation-Stone of the New League Building

THE PARCHMENT ROLLS

More like a boulder than a stone is the historic block that has now been well and truly laid, the first stone of the League of Nations' new home.

The tripod of wooden poles, ten or twelve feet high, with pulley and chains and an immense hook to lift the upper half clear from the lower one, looked for all the world like a scene from Macbeth, the witch's cauldron on the blasted heath, only there were sober Swiss workmen clothed in bright blue linen instead of the eerie Three, and the sunlit scene was in the beautiful Ariana Park of Geneva.

No Ceremony

The lower half of the stone was a mystery until curiosity tempted us to go nearer and peer into it. There, in the centre of it, was fitted a metal box all empty and waiting for the contents which were to be sealed down and hidden from sight, for who knows how many centuries, perhaps for ever. When the first speeches had been made the parchment rolls were laid in the casket—lifted, alas! without ceremony, just lifted prosaically from a basket and put in one by one by unknown black-coated men. We could wish that each roll had been carried ceremoniously to its hiding-place in the famous stone by some gorgeously-apparelled representative of the country in whose language it was written, treading with stately step to solemn music or to some gay fanfare of trumpets. But that was not the League's way, and so we watched a business-like proceeding.

Sealed Up

The thirty rolls of parchment, with descriptions of the ceremony written in the thirty languages of the League, the names of the States in the League, and the purpose for which the building is designed, were fitted in; two copies of the Covenant in English and French were placed beside them; the cover was set in place and a master workman in a white coat sealed the box with flame. When will those parchments see the light of day again, we wonder?

Cement was now laid thickly over the lid and spread out over the stone; the top half was lowered in place with the greatest care that it should be plumb with the under one; the giant hook was detached and the cavity of the iron ring filled in; a silver hammer was tapped three times on the historic stone, and, behold, it was well and truly laid and all was over.

Property of the Nations

This is the first stone of a building belonging not to one person or one country but to the nations of the world, *their common property*. In the stone lies the Covenant, the pledge taken by the nations and the basis of their common work. The stone is the symbol of the sure and firm foundation on which world peace is being built up by people of goodwill everywhere.

The great Temple of Peace is rising, and everyone of us may be a mason or a builder, putting into these foundations that faith and goodwill without which no temple can endure.

A LITTLE MORE KINDNESS THE LEAGUE HELPS IT ON Travelling Without the Passport Nuisance ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

By Our League Correspondent

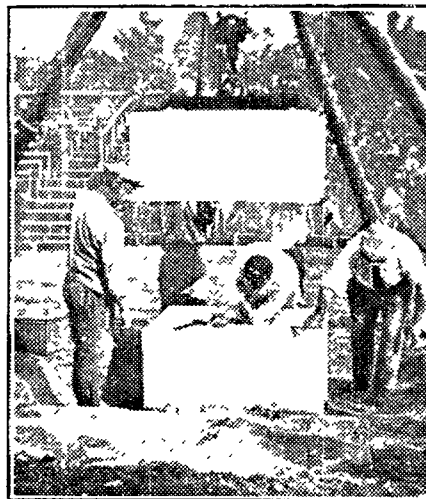
Mr. X of Poland, Mr. Y of Yugoslavia, and Mr. Z of elsewhere, who in future want to emigrate to the great States of South America or to other countries less crowded than their own, will in future find their way made much easier through the efforts of the League.

We who travel for business or pleasure still suffer from the plague of passports. We must first fill in a complicated form stating the colour of our hair, eyes, and complexion, our height and any peculiarities we may possess, such as a hump or a permanent spot on the chin; then we must pay for the little blue book issued to us, and when we want it renewed we must pay again.

Even this will not take us into certain quite near and quite friendly countries such as Czechoslovakia without the payment of still more money.

Messrs. X, Y, and Z are better off. When they want to go overseas they can obtain a transit card free of charge.

One extremely valuable precaution is taken in the issue of these cards. Messrs. X, Y, and Z may only have them under certain conditions. They must possess



Laying the foundation-stone of the League's new home. See previous column.

tickets for the whole voyage from the point of departure to the point of arrival; they must have enough money for food and the necessities of the journey, and they must fulfil the conditions required by the country to which they are going. These precautions should prevent the disasters that have so often overtaken emigrants who have bought tickets for only part of their journey, have run short of money, and have been landed at some midway place without means of going on or going home again.

A number of European countries, with representatives sitting round a table at the League of Nations a few weeks ago, proposed and agreed willingly to this scheme for making travel easier for emigrants. Their meeting was due to the earlier Passport Conference, which, though it did not then succeed in abolishing passports, has yet brought about this international act of kindness.

THE LAST BATTLE IN ENGLAND

Sedgemoor Field

STONES OF MEMORY

The other day a group of farmers, labourers, and children gathered about a stone in a field at Weston-Zoyland in Somerset. There was a hymn, the Last Post, and the Reveille.

They had come to remember farmers and labourers who perished here some 250 years ago, in the last battle fought on English soil. Armed with scythes and reaping-hooks they set out to make Monmouth king because he was a Protestant and they believed James the Second to be the enemy of civil and religious freedom.

But the king's force was well armed and well trained. The peasant army was cut down. Still is the battleground called the graveyard field, for hundreds of graves ripple under its grass.

About 500 prisoners were taken, tradition says, and locked up in Weston-Zoyland Church till the conquerors had leisure to hang most of them from the tower. Monmouth was beheaded. Judge Jeffreys was sent down to seek out all who had been his followers and to "make the West Country smell of death."

Given to the Nation

For centuries the graveyard field lay on the edge of the moor with no monument to tell of its tragedy. Then the owner gave part of the land to the nation, and a stone was raised to the memory of those who fell on July 6, 1685.

Now stedale stones have been set at each corner. Stedale is an old word of Saxon origin, meaning foundation, and for many years these stedale stones had wheat stacks built upon them. Now they stand for the four centuries. On the 1600 stone is inscribed Sedgemoor; on the 1700 stone Plassey and Quebec; on the 1800 stone Trafalgar and Waterloo; and on the 1900 stone The Great War. When they were unveiled the other day children laid flowers round the stones of memory, and a flag floated in the blue sky. It was the homage of country people to country people, and very meet it seemed that the peasants who had no weapons but scythes should be commemorated by the stedale stones.

THE PERFECT SQUIRE

Herbert Reade of Ipsden

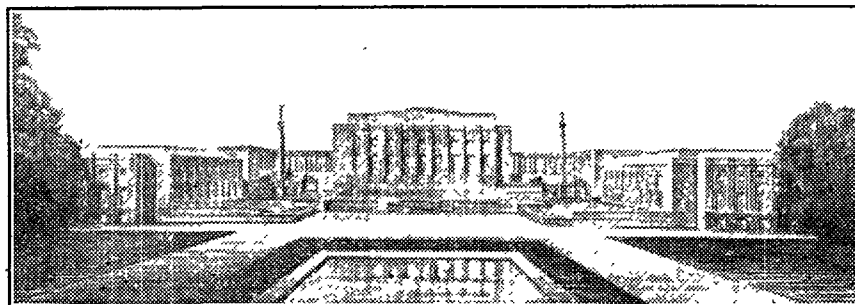
Long, long will they talk of Herbert Reade, who has now been laid to rest, among his kindred since the days of Elizabeth, in a quiet corner of the Chiltern Hills.

When he inherited Ipsden he was only a youth in his early teens, and Ipsden House was let for 40 years. The villagers thought they would see little of the young squire. How different it would have been if he could have moved into the old home of his ancestors and lived among his tenants!

But Herbert Reade astonished them all by showing from the beginning that he had a high sense of his duty to them. The first thing he did was to give the village a recreation ground, and he lived in a partially furnished dwelling till every tenant's house had been rebuilt or set in perfect order.

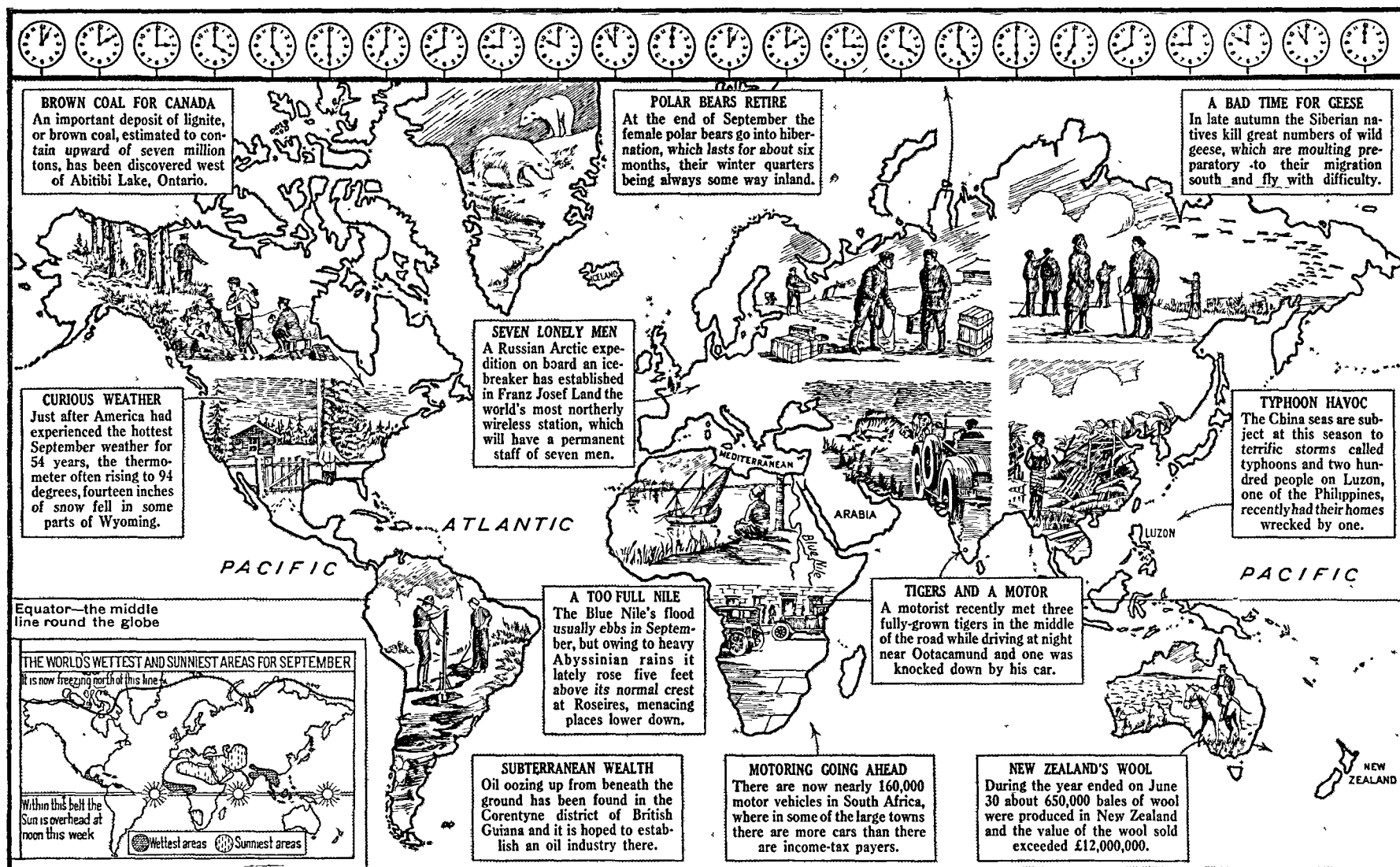
In all things he studied the welfare of the people.

He was a man of charm and learning and a distinguished public servant, but the villagers who laid the great sheaf of lavender on his coffin will remember him longest as the Perfect Squire.



The architect's design for the new palace of the League of Nations at Geneva

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



KEEPING UP THE SPIRIT OF WAR

The Manufacture of Opinion

In America everyone has been talking about the attempt that is said to have been made to defeat the plan of naval disarmament by paying writers to write newspaper articles against it.

A man has come forward declaring that he was paid by armament and shipbuilding firms to arouse public opinion in favour of a strong Navy. He says that four American admirals took part in the conspiracy.

President Hoover has announced that this affair will be sifted to the bottom. It shows how easy it is for people whose business would be interfered with if war were stopped to spread false information and to mislead a nation.

TRAPPED BY A JUDGE

There was a rather amusing ending to a lawsuit in the North of England not long ago.

A working-man who had been knocked down by a motor-car and pretended that he had lost the use of one of his arms was claiming heavy damages from the proprietor of the car.

"I suppose," said the judge, "that you have not completely lost the use of your arm? Perhaps you will show the jury how far you can raise it."

The workman lifted his arm as high as his chest.

"But how high could you raise it before you met with the accident?" queried the judge.

And the claimant, not realising the trap which had been set for him, immediately raised his arm right above his head!

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street.
Drop it in the Bus

THE BRIGHT BOY OF POPLAR

In a vivid book of his experiences *Let's Go to Poplar* by Lax, the popular missionary who toils there, is an excellent story of a boy applying for work before a committee who wished to test his powers of observation.

Before he entered, says Lax, in order to put his powers to the test they turned a picture in the room with its face to the wall and placed the wastepaper basket on its side. Then this dialogue took place.

What is your name, my boy?

William Ewart Vernon.

What do they call you at home?

Billy, sir.

Have you good eyesight, Billy?

Yessir.

Do you notice anything peculiar in this room?

Yessir. The picture's wrong. Shall I put it straight?

Anything else?

Yessir. Somebody's knocked the wastepaper basket over.

The committee, we hear, was favourably impressed, but Lax, wishing to proceed, put a pen behind his ear and said: "Do you observe anything peculiar about me?"

"Yes, sir," he said at once; "yer wants yer hair cut, sir!"

The boy obtained the job!

A LAKE UNDER YORKSHIRE

In Yorkshire some underground explorers are having a most interesting time. They are exploring a lake 500 feet below the surface of the Pennine Range.

This lake is fed by a river of which the course has never been traced. Many caves have streams running through them, but in very few in this country are there sheets of water so large and deep as this one.

The explorers have made a boat down below and are determined to discover the full extent of this mysterious lake.

DARTMOOR PONIES A SHILLING EACH

Dartmoor without ponies! It is like Cornwall without the sea, or the New Forest without trees, or London without houses. The sturdy little ponies seem as much a part of the moor as the heather.

But people are saying that they may die out. That makes us sad.

It is no use breeding ponies, say the moormen, because hardly any are wanted in coal mines. That makes us rejoice.

It is difficult to say that the news is good or bad. Like the curate's egg, it is excellent in parts, for no one with any mercy in his heart could wish the little creatures who have lived the wild life of the moors to be condemned to lifelong servitude underground.

But it is not pleasant to hear that at the annual pony sale at Princetown this year the babies were being sold for a shilling each to be slaughtered for hound food or for human consumption abroad.

Yearlings cost 15s., two-year-olds 25s., and stallions in their prime 50s. Although the ponies seem wild, they all have owners, and these men say it will no longer be worth while to breed them if they fetch such prices. In the New Forest a man last year bought a mare, stallion, and foal for ten shillings.

Moor or Forest ponies are clever, hardy little creatures and when they are properly broken they make splendid mounts for children. There is nothing better for health or character than the possession of a pony you must feed, clean, and manage yourself. Let us hope that more and more parents will come to the pony sales, and fewer and fewer mine owners. Then these picturesque little creatures will still be found in glade or coombe, and Dartmoor will still be Dartmoor.

THE RIGHT WAY AT LAST
A Word at the Cenotaph

It seems a very little while since the idea of a German wreath on our Cenotaph caused an outburst of anger.

"We do not want your sympathy," people said.

Now a laurel wreath laid there has aroused no protest. A number of German master bakers were visiting the Bakers Exhibition in London, and the German master bakers took the opportunity of sending this tribute to our fallen. Their card was attached to the wreath by a broad ribbon in the German national colours.

In talk with a bystander one of the deputation said: "Yes, we are going the right way now, I think." Never again may we leave it! Every year, on Trafalgar Day, the French send a wreath for Nelson's Column.

THE MAN ON THE PAVEMENT

Looking about I find one single traffic unit on the road whose movements are provided for by no legislation or custom, and for whom there is no control. That unit is the Pedestrian, and this (apart from his frailty) is the chief cause of his sufferings.

On the footway he wanders at will immersed in his thoughts, amusements, conversation. When he steps into the roadway he suddenly enters another world where the movement of every entity is, and must for safety be, controlled and foreseeable.

The walker does try to be careful, but, as the Report on Street Accidents says, "People cannot be careful by trying to be careful; they must know how to be careful." And, alas! walkers have no code of customs to guide them and to inform others as to their probable next movements. Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 28 1929

Courage is the Thing

NAPOLEON made his armies powerful by holding out to every man in them the chance of rising to the highest commands. He wanted every soldier to feel that he had a marshal's staff in his knapsack. Today all boys beginning their lives in the armies of Peace and Industry can feel that the greatest possibilities of fame are open to them provided they have the will to succeed.

Whose names have been in our thoughts of late? The name of Schneider, the Frenchman who gave the Schneider Trophy to be competed for, and of Royce, the Englishman who designed the motor which carried the winning plane to victory. Were these men free from the trials that afflict us all?

No; both were men accustomed to adversity. Both were men of great courage, and in their lives their courage has counted far more than riches. Schneider was rich and became poor; Royce was poor and became rich; money was little or nothing in either case. Both men won fame by their ideas and the courage and determination which made them overcome the difficulties met with in their path to victory.

Royce, whose brain planned the Rolls-Royce engine, was the son of poor parents. They were so poor that the boy sold papers in the streets. But he had a great courage in his heart and a keen intelligence, which he took every opportunity to strengthen and develop.

He became an engineer, and devoted himself to the construction of a motor which should surpass all others for reliability and power, and he succeeded. He is the most famous constructor of motors in the world. Yet he would give all his motor-cars for good health. He cannot go to his office. All his work must be done at home. But he triumphs over weakness of body as he triumphed over the difficulties which stood in his way when he began life.

Like Mr. Napier, another owner of a name that stands high in the motor industry, Mr. Royce has struggled against ill-health and conquered it, so far as its effects on his work are concerned. They are alike in having Courage, the quality which more than any other gives us what we desire in this world. It is not money that counts. Courage is the thing.

The histories of Royce and Schneider prove that money plays but a secondary part in the careers of many of the most successful among us. Money is small and insignificant when we set it against courage. With courage a boy can do anything.

To a boy who possesses courage and brain any door is open in this wonderful age.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Tudor Up-to-Date

IT is surely true that some have eyes who do not see.

Motoring near Horsemonden the other day we passed a lovely old Tudor cottage, a poet's dream; and just beyond was another, with a corrugated iron roof nailed on!

We have said before that there never was another world like this, or one with such queer people in it.

An Out-of-Work

JOHN JOSEPH HALL of Horwich is unemployed.

In August, 1918, he was very much employed. The enemy was attacking near Valenciennes, and Hall was in action with a British tank when he saw a French officer fall wounded.

In spite of heavy fire he went out into No Man's Land and carried the wounded man a quarter of a mile to the nearest dressing-station.

Ten days before the Armistice he lost his left arm and was severely wounded in the leg, so he does not find it easy to hold his own in the labour market now. Employers want a man with two arms.

But the other day something happened to cheer up the workless man, his wife, and children. The French Government sent him the Croix de Guerre for his gallantry in rescuing the wounded man. It comes eleven years after, but not too late. Now for some work.

An Army of Gentlemen

IT is a matter for great rejoicing that the British troops are coming back from the Rhine and leaving so splendid a tradition behind them.

A prominent German said to the Anglican Bishop for North and Central Europe: "We shall always remember you sent us an army of gentlemen."

Perhaps it is the first time in the world's history that foreign troops have occupied a country without arousing bitterness and hatred. No doubt, says the Bishop, much is due to the influence of those in command, but the German was right when he summed up the courtesy and self-control of the British soldier in one phrase, and said: "You sent us an army of gentlemen."

King Alfred's Prayer

Lord God Almighty, shaper and ruler of all creatures, I pray Thee for Thy great mercy that Thou guide me better than I have done toward Thee.

Guide me to Thy will to the need of my soul better than I can myself. Steadfast my mind toward Thy will and to my soul's need. Strengthen me against temptations, and put far from me every unrighteousness. Shield me against my foes, seen and unseen, and teach me to do Thy will, that I may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and clean body. For Thou art my maker and my redeemer, my help, my comfort, my trust, and my hope.

A Rest in the Square

TRAFALGAR SQUARE is considered to be London's central point.

By day and by night the flow of ceaseless traffic round it is a spectacle to marvel at. Yet until now it has not been possible to rest at ease in Trafalgar Square.

Now Mr. Lansbury, who as First Commissioner of Works is the guardian of London's open spaces, has had benches placed in the Square for the benefit of the weary and of visitors watching London's pageant from this splendid vantage-point.

Tip-Cat

THE latest motor-cars have two horns. This will not add to their horse power, but should give them cow power.

THE American girl knows how to get into the Press. And it cannot crush her.

LECTURES are given to explain how the telephone works. Subscribers think it more necessary to give lessons on how it ought to work.

TALKIES will do much for civilisation. Supply it with a sound system.

WHERE are the world's best-looking people? asks a contemporary. Stopping indoors this weather, perhaps, to save their faces.

SOME intelligence is said to be needed to understand the weather. But you can save all brain-fag by carrying an umbrella.

A DROVER looking for six lost sheep the other day found them in a church. Naturally.

A BUTTERFLY hunter has taken a rare Comma in Hampshire. We wish he would make a full-stop.

EVERYBODY on holiday wants to get brown. They go out without an umbrella and come back with a sunshade.

THE drawing-room is said to be passing away. A withdrawing room.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A PARCEL sent by a stranger to the Waifs and Strays Society had £101 in it.

SOMEBODY unknown has given £14,000 to finish the Women's Hall of Residence at University College, Southampton.

SPAIN is spending £10,000,000 on a great university centre just outside Madrid.

The Footprint

y Our Country Girl

THE Editor dug up the other day a Roman tile with the print of a dog's paw on it. Now a tile bearing the print of a child's foot has been found among Roman remains at Caer Hun.

WHEN Britons wore a dress of woad

And wolf-tooth necklets were the mode

And conquering Romans built their camps

Among our island bogs and damps,

There lived a child, brown, bad, and gay,

Who wandered forth one summer day.

HE teased the dog until it growled, He teased the cat—and then he howled.

He tried the kitchen, where he found

Nice jars of honey on the ground, And wiped away the signs of sin With wool just washed and right to spin.

THE handmaids came and drove him out,

He reached the potter's in a pout. The potter cried *Be off!* but no, He watched the wheel and would not go,

And round the place must poke and pry

And tread on tiles set out to dry.

OLD Time who loves to tumble down

What Caesars built for their renown

Has let the baby toeprints stay Though little Balbus went his way

Nor thought to leave, like bards sublime,

His footprints in the sands of Time.

A Man and His Cigarette

THE other day a smoker threw a cigarette-end from the top of a bus. We have often heard of hats set alight in this way, but this burning stump did damage of another sort.

The bus was passing through Euston Road. Suddenly a van horse began to plunge, and its companion took fright. Luckily the vanman and his mate were able to get them into a side street before there was an accident.

They found a cigarette-end on the horse's back, lodged under a strap of the harness. There was a little burn, which had been painful enough, to make the horse bolt in a panic. If the smoker who threw the cigarette will try putting a glowing cigarette-end on the back of his hand he will not blame the horse.

Perhaps when a few more eyes have been put out, and a few more houses destroyed, and a few more forests burned by cigarette-ends the police will issue smoking licences, and one of the tests for applicants will be the honourable disposal of a cigarette-end. The man who tosses it away to do what it will get no licence, any more than he now gets the good name of an English gentleman.

FOLLOWING A PIGEON HOME THE WONDERFUL THINGS A PLANE CAN DO

A Surprise Knock at a Door in a German Town

THREE CHEERS FOR A PILOT

The innocence of the dove may defeat the guile of the serpent. A carrier pigeon has just brought home the guilt of a blackmailer in Germany.

Yet the plans of the blackmailer (or, rather, of the blackmailers, for there were two of them) were well laid. They sent a letter to a manufacturer in Duisburg threatening him with disgrace and serious injury to his business unless he despatched to them a sum of 7000 gold marks, about £250. They were much too cunning to give an address to which the money should be sent, because that might mean exposure of themselves if the manufacturer had the sense to go to the police with the anonymous letter.

The Cage on the Doorstep

Instead of an address a cage containing two homing pigeons was left the next night on the manufacturer's doorstep. With it was a note instructing him to attach the thousand-mark notes to the pigeons and release them. Nobody saw the mysterious messenger who left the cage, and the innocent pigeons could afford no clue.

But the resources of civilisation were not exhausted. The manufacturer immediately went off to the police and a plan was devised to thwart the criminals. Who can follow the flight of a bird in the air? It was one of the things that were too puzzling for Solomon, but perhaps an airman in an aeroplane might do something. So, at any rate, thought the police of Duisburg.

Flying Slowly

They got into touch with the Duisburg aerodrome. A skilful pilot volunteered to do his best. There were two difficulties in the way. A pigeon flies fast on its way home, when once it has finished its preliminary circling, but an aeroplane flies so much faster that it would soon overtake it, and could hardly go slowly enough to keep in its wake. But the pilot thought that he, too, could keep his machine circling and remain behind the pigeon, if only he could at the same time keep such a tiny creature under observation. Test flights were arranged with another homing pigeon. The pilot found he was able to perform the trick.

Then, with the aeroplane circling above the aerodrome to which the cage of pigeons had been brought, one of the pigeons was released. It struck out straight for home, with the aeroplane in pursuit.

Back to the Dovecote

The pigeon went on and on till it sighted a dovecot at a house in a small town miles away at Homburg. As it descended a photographer in the aeroplane clicked the shutter of his camera and took an aerial photograph of the house. Its position was revealed.

While the two culprits, having examined their homing pigeon, were puzzling themselves as to what had become of the banknotes it should have brought, and were considering what they should do next, there was a knock at the door.

It was the Chief of Police, who had come to ask after the pigeon-policeman who had arrived before him!

THE HERO NOBODY KNEW

A MAN fell dead at Cardiff the other day, and the inquest revealed him as a hero.

Albert Edward Adams, aged 48, was a porter, and spent his whole time lifting and carrying heavy weights. He was carrying two skips of fruit when he dropped dead.

Nobody knew that he had any complaint, and he had not been to a doctor, so there had to be a post-mortem. It revealed that the right lung had collapsed, the left was congested, the heart was twice the normal weight, and the liver, spleen, and kidneys were enlarged.

Dr. T. F. Dillon said: "It is extraordinary how he managed to do any work at all."

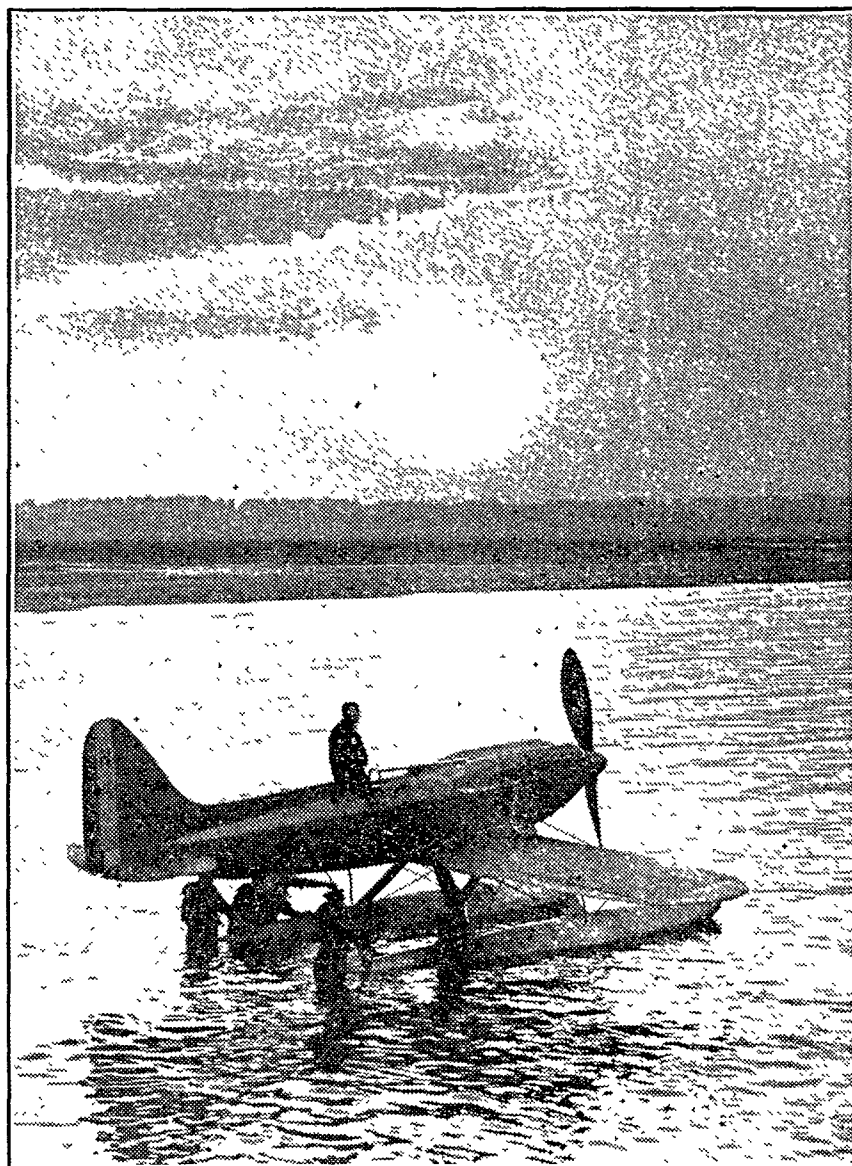
No one will ever know what it cost that gallant invalid to do the work of a strong man. Often and often he must have wakened in the morning feeling too ill to drag himself from bed, but he never gave in, and he died without a murmur.

It reminds us of Emily Dickinson's lines, which we must quote from memory:

To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter I know
Who charge within the bosom
The cavalry of woe.

There is no medal for the breadwinner who goes to work instead of going to hospital, but he ranks with the heroes and is immortal.

SUNSET



After speeding through the air at six miles a minute the pilot of this seaplane pauses in the calm of an autumn evening to admire a beautiful sunset as his craft is brought ashore.

NEW BABY CAR Delivered in its Own Garage

A two-seater baby car weighing 600 pounds has been invented in America which can be delivered to the purchaser in a weatherproof packing-case, with a hinged door, for £40. The case can be used as a garage, and if required the car can be lubricated for life before it leaves the works.

This little car has many new points which make its design unique. There is no chassis or chassis frame. The car simply consists of a body with the engine and four wheels. There are neither axles nor springs. Each wheel is mounted independently, thus taking bumps without giving road-shocks to the body of the car, and aviation cord is used for the suspension of each wheel. This cord will last for 25,000 miles and can be easily replaced.

The inventor of this car, which can run 50 miles on a gallon of petrol, is an aeroplane manufacturer.

GERMAN REPUBLIC AND ITS ENEMIES How They were Found

The German Republic is far too firmly seated for the bomb-throwing of a few extremists to disturb it, yet it is always a relief when such people are captured.

Some stragglers from the once powerful gangs which organised the assassination of Herr Rathenau, a former Foreign Minister, and Herr Erzberger some years ago have just been tracked down rather cleverly. There had been several bomb outrages in Schleswig-Holstein, and it was known that a motor-car was used. So the police dug up the roads, pretending to repair them, and examined the motor traffic thus slowed down. One car was noticed to be always in the neighbourhood at the time of a bomb outrage, and this was duly tracked to the headquarters of the miscreants.

The men called themselves members of one of the German Fascist parties, but the party disowns them.

WHO WAS SCHNEIDER?

A RICH MAN WHO BECAME POOR

Little History of the Famous Prize for Speed

HALF AS FAST AS SOUND

We all know the name of Schneider now, but who was Schneider?

He was the son of the head of the great Schneider armament firm with headquarters at Creusot in France. He had been interested in heavier-than-air machines for some time before the war, and had built a flat-bottomed motor-boat. This boat, like an aeroplane, was driven by an airscrew, and with this craft M. Schneider succeeded in travelling 50 miles an hour.

The First Race

The first announcement of the Schneider Trophy was made at the Gordon Bennett aeronautical dinner in Paris in 1912, when M. Schneider offered a Trophy worth 25,000 francs (at that time £1000) to be competed for by seaplanes. He offered, further, to give £1000 to each Aero Club which organised the contest in the three succeeding years. As a result the first race was held at Monaco in 1913, and was won by M. Prevost at 46 miles an hour. This is the only time France has won the Trophy.

Few of us are able to know what the results of our actions will be; most of our efforts are as pebbles dropped in the sea of Time, and the ripples disappear in ever-widening rings which spread far beyond our knowledge.

So it was to be with the Schneider Trophy. The donor gave the prize in the hope that it would stimulate really seaworthy and seagoing aircraft. The result of his endeavour is a projectile carrying one man and hurtling through space at half the speed of sound.

Seaworthy Craft

Still, in all fairness to the makers and designers, these projectiles must be admitted to be better than mere shells. They land comparatively slowly, at eighty miles an hour, they ride safely on their floats over rough water, and the winning machines of this year are comfortable to fly.

The types produced by the Schneider Contest are far from Schneider's original conception, but perhaps in the end more good will result from the contest as it has become than as it was intended to be. Already four Governments have taken part in the contest, and this striving for a prize in a friendly competition for mastery is much finer than a race in armaments which will only lead to war. There must be some significance in the fact that the first Government to enter was that of the United States.

The next contest will be held in 1931, when Britain has pledged herself to defend the Trophy against all challengers. If she retains the Trophy it is hers for ever. Perhaps Germany will be one of the challengers then. There was talk of her sending machines this year, but the required Government aid was not forthcoming.

Spending Millions

The four thousand pounds given by M. Schneider has become the stimulus for the Governments of great nations to spend millions on development and research work. The cost of running an ordinary aero engine of 400 h.p. for a full test is as much as the original value of the Trophy.

M. Schneider may be thought of as the lever starting the boulder of Speed down the hill of Time. Who knows what velocities the stone will reach in the future? Not M. Schneider, for he died last year in the South of France, where he had been living quietly for some time, fallen from riches to poverty.

WHERE THE C.N. COMES TO REST

The Best of Destinations

BUSH LITERATURE

Our correspondence is always reminding us how much the C.N. owes to its readers who send the paper away to distant lands.

Some of its best work is done in the remotest parts of the Earth. Both the C.N. and My Magazine are sent out largely, or subscribed for, in Australia, and after serving several families pass on to the voluntary agencies that serve the far inland Bush.

One of these agencies is the Bush Book Club. It has branches in every State, and covers many of the most remote places with parcels of books and magazines. The Secretary and her helpers answer all the letters received from lonely folks who write to them, glad to feel there is someone interested in their personal affairs.

Here is a little picture of what happens to papers sent out to the confines of civilisation. It is from The Woman's Budget.

Newspapers as Wallpapers

Newspapers sent into the Bush are not only eagerly devoured page by page for the news they contain, which sometimes gives news of vital personal importance to the reader who comes across it, but they serve for house decoration.

Pages are cut out neatly and pasted on the walls of the Bush home with great care. There they continue to link the lonely folk with the wide world. As the eye roves round the walls to scenes from London, Paris, the English countryside, reproductions of famous pictures, and so on, it requires but a slight effort for some to dream themselves back in Piccadilly or the little villages of France and Flanders. Many a digger, now a Bushman, stands in thought beside the Menin Gate at Ypres, or sees the poppies growing in the cornfields of France, as he surveys the walls of his Bush home in far Australia.

Every book or magazine so sent out is binding the Empire closer together.

A BIRD DISAPPEARING

The Heath Hen

What will man spend his money on? Not only on luxuries but on his dearly loved fancy.

To some of us the news that "the heath hen is going to join the fabled dodo and the Great Auk" is unintelligible; but to many enthusiastic naturalists it is a very sad sentence indeed.

The heath hen is a bird of America, beautifully marked. Year after year the numbers of these grouse-like fowl have grown smaller and smaller in their last home, the island of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. The State has spent over seventy thousand dollars to save the species, and conservation organisations have spent thousands more. Attempts have been made to rear the bird in captivity, but all have failed. The heath hen in 1915 numbered two thousand birds, but a fire broke out destroying the cover on more than twenty square miles in the heart of the breeding area, and many were destroyed. Next winter an unprecedented flight of goshawks, the arch enemy of these birds, hunted many down, and cats and hawks also caught some of the weaker ones. A census was taken in 1923, and revealed that there were 28 birds only, which appeared in open fields to go through their curious courtship procedure. The loud booming call of the male carries for two miles. Now, only one heath hen, a male, is known in the district, and a reward is offered for anyone who can discover a female.

THE OLD MEN OF SOUTHWOLD

IN the Sailors' Reading Room at Southwold, a pretty fishing township on the Suffolk coast, the traveller will find some of the "salts of the Earth."

The shipping of the little town has been dying ever since the River Blyth silted up 40 years ago and the pilotage was taken over by the steam cutter from Harwich. Gradually the fishing industry has decreased, and nowadays the old sailors have little but their pensions and the money they made letting rooms to visitors to provide them with a living. But what wonderful men they are!

The oldest, Mr. Charles Ife, is 94. He plays a rare game of bowls, and walks about the place like a youngster. His friend, Captain Joseph Jarvis, is 89, and but for his white beard would look scarcely an old man at all. Yet Captain Jarvis took his ship round the Cape to India 60 years ago, before the Suez Canal was made, and he remembers the Kearsage sailing into Boston after sinking the Alabama. The Kearsage was the Federal ironclad, and the Alabama was the famous Southern privateer in the American Civil War, which cost us £3,000,000, and nearly brought us to grips with the States of the Northern Union.

Captain Jarvis was at sea before the Crimean War began, and he is still in his prime—at least, you would think so to see him walk into the Reading Room in the morning.

Then there is Mr. J. Clarke, who looks about 60, but is really 81. Mr. Clarke is not a sailor, but a prosperous retired craftsman, who left Southwold when he was three to live in London, and did not go back till he was 70. He has a genius for building model yachts. At 78 he began a model of the Bittern, the last of the famous Southwold beach yaws, and finished it by his 79th birthday. It is only a few weeks since the Bittern was broken up after a long career of splendid usefulness in the pilot service.

Then comes Fred Nelson, who is 84, and full of life and jokes. With him is a mere boy of 79, Jack Hurr, grey-haired, but vigorous and jovial.

There are 120 members of the Reading Room Club in Southwold which brave and kindly Captain Riley founded 64 years ago; but none are better men than the old ones who will never see 80 again.

Sad indeed it is to think that the little Suffolk township will breed no successors to their fame.

A TAILOR IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

WALKING along a country by-road in Suffolk (writes a friend of the C.N.) I saw an old, retired railway carriage perched high up on a grassy bank.

"Nothing strange in this, you say. But across the front, or rather the side, of the contented-looking relic there were the words 'A. Green, Tailor,' painted in bold white letters.

A wooden stairway, barred by a pretty gate, led up the bank to where Mr. Green, a young man with a pleasant smile, sat plying his trade.

"Oh, yes," he said, "this is a quiet little shop, all tucked away by itself, not even in the village. Yet my customers come from London and all parts of the country. I bought this carriage from the railway company for £20 six years ago, and my rent is half-a-crown a year!"

Trade is good with the ingenious Mr. Green, of Holton, in Suffolk. He has divided his railway carriage into three sections. One is the workroom, where he keeps his machine, his goose, his iron, and other implements. In the middle is a small compartment for trimmings, buttons, and such oddments.

The third compartment is the fitting-room, with chairs, a long mirror, patterns on the table, and the latest fashions displayed on the walls. Here you may have a suit or a lady's costume cut as well as Bond Street itself could do it.

Mr. Green served his country at Salonica as a corporal in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and it is good to know that his ingenuity has established him in civil life at the quaintest of country tailor's shops.

THE CAT IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

TEDDY the cat, aged less than one, was wandering by himself in search of adventure. At the corner of the first cross street he came to he found adventure suddenly.

Somehow he failed to notice that the manhole lid was off, and before he knew where he was he lay sprawling in the sewer, well below the level of the street.

When he recovered from the shock, and saw he could not possibly get back up the hole, he set off to see what he could see.

Mile after mile he wandered through the tunnel till, tired and hungry, he lay down to sleep. When he awoke he trudged off again till at last he saw ahead of him a faint gleam. He

hurried toward it and found it was a gate through which the water emptied itself into a large pit.

Teddy began to cry piteously, and his wailing attracted human attention. Some willing and very much surprised workmen had him out. He had arrived at the destructor works after walking through about ten miles of sewer.

It was a sadder and wiser Teddy who was taken home in a workman's basket. Let us hope that when he is a bit older, and has kittens of his own, he will warn them not to go about the world with their eyes on the sparrows that sit on roof-tops, while they themselves stumble into manholes and wander in darkness.

FIVE BOYS IN A BOAT

WHAT is a Kiote? Well, it is the name of a boat built for themselves by five youths, and we tell the story because it shows real grit and determination.

Two years ago these Kioteans determined that they would have their own motor cruiser, though they had only a canal to begin operations on. They had but half-a-crown a week pocket money, but they saved up and bought an old boat for £2. They found, however, that they could not make her satisfactory, so they decided to scrap her and use her fittings for a new boat they would build themselves.

Gradually the keel and framework were completed and she was launched.

But what were they to do about the engine? At first they tried what could be done with the engine of a five-horse-power motor-cycle. It drove the boat splendidly, but it soon got hot, and it made as much noise as a traction engine, while its thirst for petrol was insatiable. They tried her and then gave her up.

Next they bought a second-hand motor-car engine. A snug little cabin was made out of an old bus top, properly fitted with cupboards and nicely upholstered. She is now adventuring on a trip of 125 miles, and the cost of her has been roughly £25. It would be fun to have the log of that boat, which, we hear, has been faithfully kept. What will not these modern boys do?

TWO BOYS MAKE A START

What Happened to Them

A LITTLE BIT OF TRUE LIFE

A Hungarian reader sends us this true bit of experience.

I sat chatting (he writes) with an old Hungarian gentleman who had spent most of his years in the United States.

While relating his experiences he mentioned that on one occasion he took out with him to America two poor boys who wished to make a start in the U.S.A. He paid their expenses on the condition that they should repay him the money when they could.

One returned the money. From the other he never received anything.

Success and Failure

The old gentleman continued his talk, but my thoughts kept with the two boys who started their life together, one honest and honourable and the other not so; and at last I asked: "What became of those two boys?"

The answer was: "One is among the most prosperous business men of Boston today and the other has come back to Hungary a failure. He is now a waiter in a disreputable place of amusement in Budapest."

"And which of them made good?" I asked.

"Surely you need not ask that?" said my friend. "It was the one who could be trusted, of course."

38 PEOPLE OF ST. KILDA

Shall They Stay There?

Owing to the rapid dwindling of the population of St. Kilda a suggestion has been made that the island be compulsorily evacuated.

Although there is a nurse living on the island and the health of the 38 inhabitants is uniformly good, the problem of maintaining the necessary services for such a remote part is becoming a serious concern to the authorities. During stormy weather appeals for food and fuel supplies are often brought to the mainland by passing boats, and special efforts, causing much cost and trouble, have to be made to reach the island.

The St. Kildans eke out a very meagre existence. Large quantities of sea-birds' eggs are stored for consumption during the winter, and in the autumn young birds are killed in great numbers and stored for food. Fair crops of oats and potatoes are sometimes obtained, and there are a few cattle; but as the men of the island are poor fishermen the good fishing grounds round St. Kilda are practically neglected. Several hundred head of sheep, which are scarcely ever used for food, are kept for their wool, which the women weave into blankets and tweeds.

Mice in a Bus

Some mice have made their nest in the tool box of a Chesham motor-bus.

Loss to the Arab World

The death of Sir Gilbert Clayton, British High Commissioner in Mesopotamia, is a great loss to the Arab world.

Spoiling the Lake Country

A strong public protest is being made against the erection of huge pylons 70 feet high for carrying electricity through the Lake Country.

A Wasp at a Race

A wasp on the engine, short-circuiting the high-tension lead, caused a motorcyclist to retire from a race at Brooklands the other day.

A Great Little Beggar

Black Brutus has passed away at seven years old. He was a retriever dog, and collected over £700 for charity, including £300 for a cot in the Belgrave Hospital for Children.

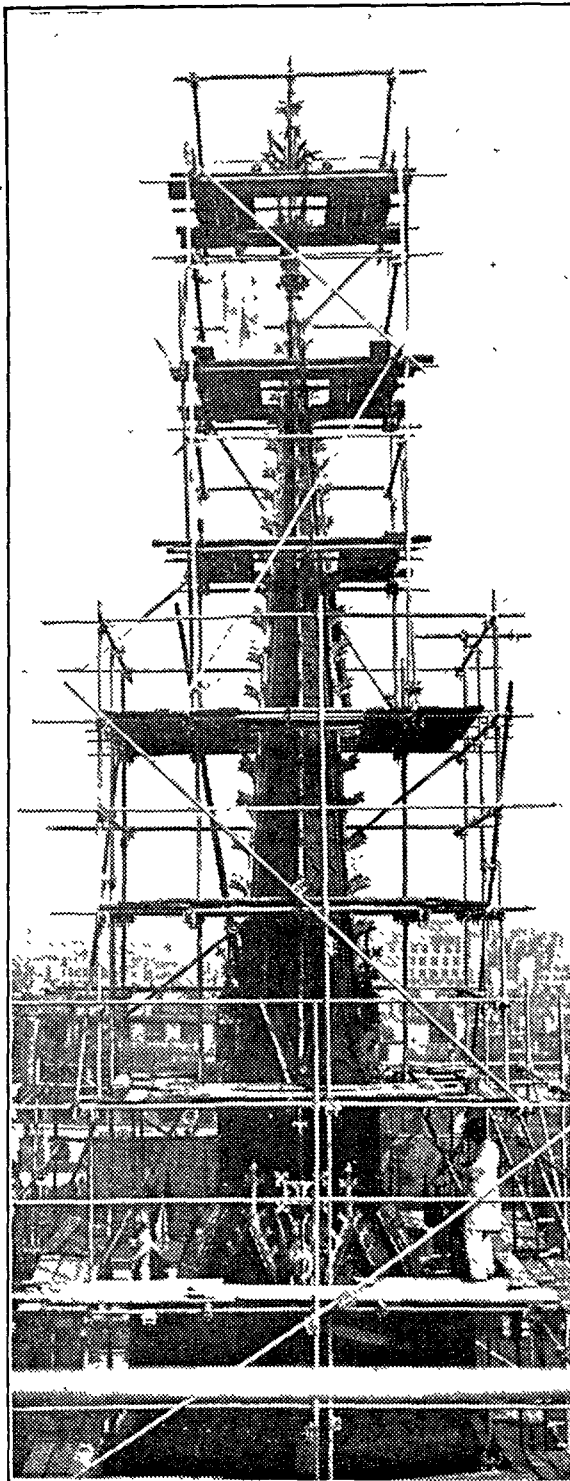
GILDING THE GUILDHALL • CUTTY SARK MODEL • AIRMAN AND POLICEMAN



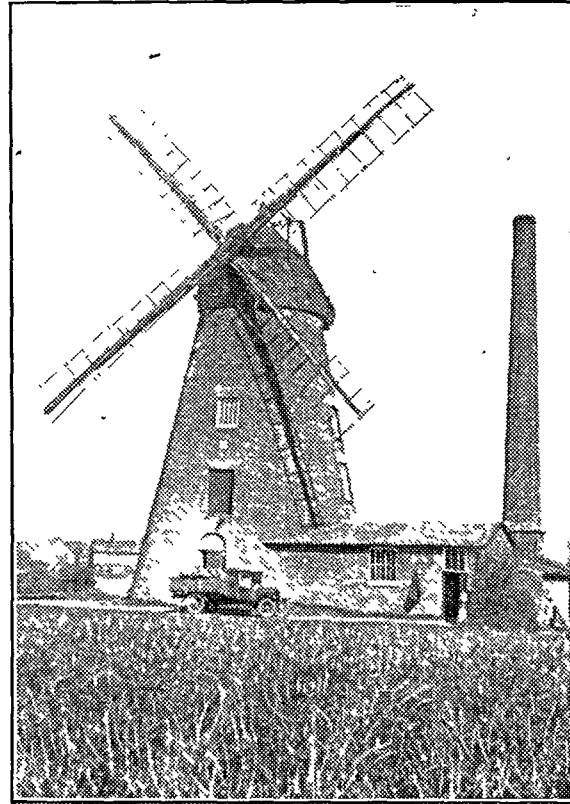
An Old Seaside Worker—Great quantities of shrimps are caught at Morecambe, the popular holiday resort on the Lancashire coast. Here we see the oldest shrimper of the district setting out for his morning's work.



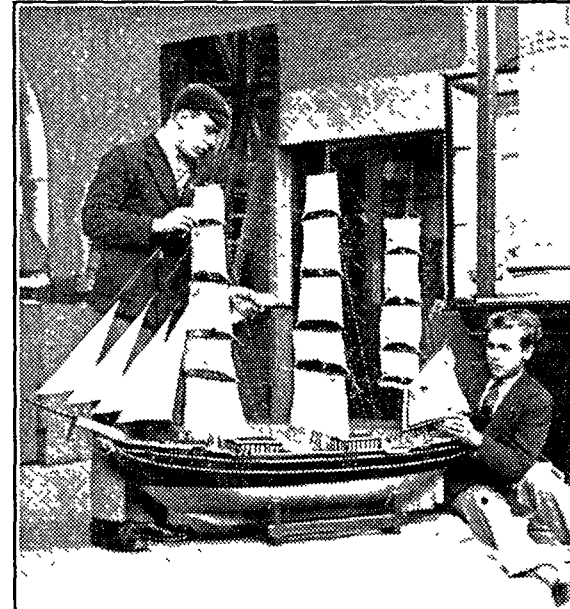
An Unusual Pet—The girl in this picture is making friends with a little tapir from South America which is now on an animal farm at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire.



The City's Gilded Spire—After 21 years the spire of London's Guildhall has just been regilded. As the picture shows, scaffolding had to be erected to carry out this work.



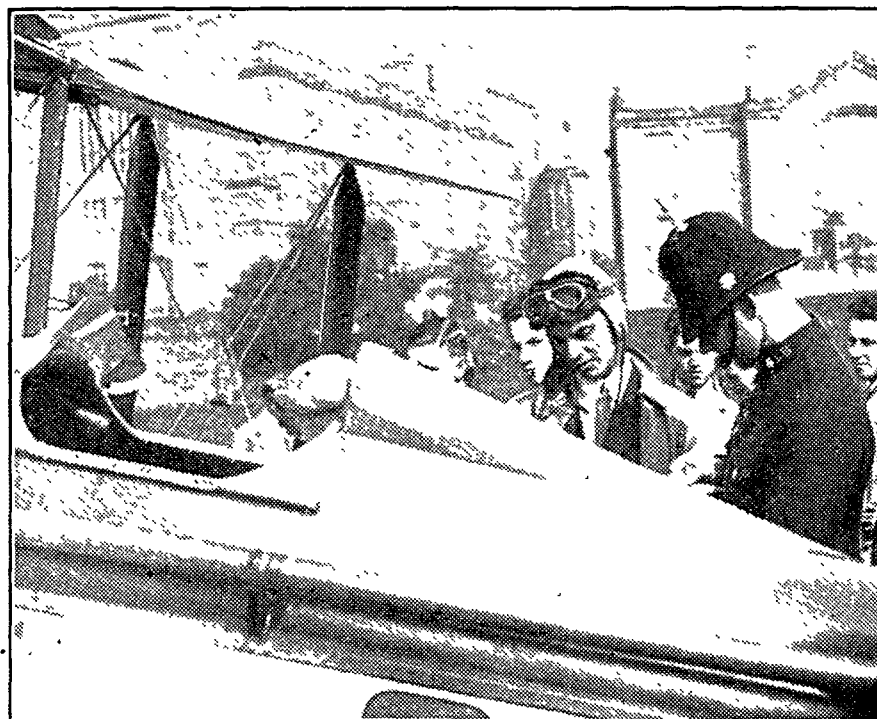
An Essex Landmark—A windmill at Tiptree, Essex, which has been working for many years, is now in need of repair. Instead of dismantling it, however, the owner has offered to have it repaired as an object of public interest.



Model of a Famous Ship—These boys are admiring a splendid scale model of the Cutty Sark, the famous old clipper that used to race home from the East with cargoes of tea.



Maize Leaves for Cattle—This picture shows the maize harvest being cut at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. It bears no grain, but the leaves are used as winter fodder for cattle.



Novel Duty for a Policeman—Airmen as well as motorists are liable to have their licences inspected by the police, as we see by this picture of an incident in Birmingham.

THE HAPPY WRITER OF SONGS

MR. WEATHERLY'S FAITH
The Friendly Spirit That Made
Its Way Into a Myriad Homes
WORDS FOR REMEMBRANCE

This passage from one of the last letters of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, K.C., has been made known since the news of his death at Bath, already published in the C.N.

Hard work and contentment, freedom from jealousy, are some of the many things that have gone to make up my happiness.

We watch the hills where I have climbed and can climb no more, the lawns where I have played tennis and can play no longer, the river where I have raced and steered, and have said good-bye, and yet we do not grumble or repine.

Though my clever friends no doubt think me out of date, I still believe in the God of Whom my mother taught me, and believe that my happiness is His gift, and I only hope that when you are as old as I am He will keep your memory green, as He has kept mine.

Words by F. E. Weatherly

There is scarcely a piano anywhere on which pieces of music with "Words by F. E. Weatherly" have not lain. There are few singers of this and the last generation who have not sung his songs, few people who have not felt a tear rise, a warmth about the heart, when they heard his words.

He was one of the greatest song-writers ever born. Not a great poet, we hasten to say; his verses will never pass into literature. Yet they will stay in the memories of millions of people because of their simplicity, their sweetness, their essential tunefulness. His verses sing themselves, as someone said. They pass one test of good writing: they seem to have written themselves.

The Simple Things

The secret of the charm and the hold of his songs is that they obey the rules which govern one aspect of poetry making. They deal with the fundamental and simple things of life, such things as are more easily sung about than explained—love, friendship, honour, patriotism, loyalties.

Who can explain in a few words the great driving force of love for husband and wife, parent or child, the deeps and the heights to which such an emotion may drive one? No one can. But a song can. You could not explain the loyalties of a long life in a paragraph, but they are in Mr. Weatherly's Darby and Joan. You could not explain in a few words the springtime of life and love, but it is in his *Roses of Picardy*.

Mr. Weatherly's own theory was an excellent guide to those who would write songs; would that some of the writers of the rubbishy songs sung on the stage today would heed what he said! Songs must be simple, said he, with a picture or a little story in them, without strange or ugly words, but with the indefinable something that appeals to the heart rather than to the intellect.

A Long and Happy Life

Mr. Weatherly had a long and happy life. He was born at Portishead in 1848. He used to wander about with his mother and brothers, sometimes on the battery watching the ships pass, sometimes in the lanes listening to the blackbirds, sometimes in the cool woods listening to his mother, who was a sweet and gracious singer herself.

These influences went all through his life. Not even the dry-as-dust atmosphere of the law courts could keep down his song-writing. Many a set of verses

A VANISHING CORNFIELD

England Loses 200 Feet of Cliff

OVER THE FIELDS TO NOWHERE

In the Arabian Nights nobody would be surprised if a cornfield suddenly disappeared from sight with a loud roar.

Lately this has happened in real life near Mundesley in Norfolk, to the great astonishment and alarm of Isaac Temple, a farm hand.

He was harrowing a field which a fortnight before had been covered with golden sheaves. No sooner had he turned his harrow round from the edge of the cliff than he heard a noise like thunder.

His horse bolted and he ran for safety. When he looked round about 200 feet of cliff had fallen on the beach where, only ten minutes before, two people had been enjoying the peaceful scene.

So fast is the Norfolk coast changing in this district that the famous Garden of Sleep is already a legend. The church tower, which stood forlorn on the edge of the cliff, has long since vanished.

Between Cromer and Mundesley four huge portions of cliff have collapsed within two years. Perhaps the saddest signs of the changing coastline is the number of footpaths which lead across the fields over the cliffs to nowhere.

A GOVERNMENT'S WORD

A statement was issued from the Italian Embassy in London not long ago denying that an English woman in Italy had been arrested.

It now transpires that the statement was untrue, and we feel it desirable to give publicity to this fact.

It is of the highest importance that the public should be able to rely on the authenticity of all official statements made in this country.

Continued from the previous column

he rapped out while waiting for another case to come on.

But how often his thoughts went back to Somerset can best be realised when we remember some of his verses:

O, the green hills of Somerset
Go rolling to the shore,
Twas there we said that we'd get wed
When spring came round once more;
Twas there we kissed and said Good-bye
Beside the kirkyard wall,
And the song the blackbird sang to us
Was the sweetest song of all.

Mr. Weatherly used to give delightful song-lectures, and his broadcast recitals gave pleasure to thousands of people. In one of his lectures he told a touching story of his song *Friend o' Mine*, which when written he sent to a man he loved, a lifelong friend. He was saddened to have no reply, but some time after he learned the reason, for his friend wrote that he was dying and felt the words of the song too deeply to write.

When you are sad and heart a-cold,
And all your skies are dark,
Tell me the dreams that mocked your hold,
The shafts that missed the mark.
Am I not yours for weal or woe?
How else can friends prove true!
Tell me what breaks and brings you low,
And let me stand—with you!

So, when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us, or both of us,
The long, long road must go,
Look with your dear old eyes in mine,
Give me a handshake true;
Whatever fate our souls await,
Let me be there—with you!

The song-writer found his song in the heart of his friend and dedicated it to his memory, and it has become familiar in all song-loving homes.

Mr. Weatherly's kindly face will be missed in the beautiful town he loved, but he has left us all songs for remembrance, and many of them will be sung perhaps after the present generation has passed away.

SEEING THE LEAGUE AT WORK

Fine Chance for 100 Scholars

PAYING BACK MEANNESS WITH GENEROSITY

By Our League Correspondent

A fine man has done a generous thing this summer. He has sent fifteen boys and girls to Geneva that they might learn some of the ways of making peace.

One condition was that each of these lucky young people should be going back to school next term, and another that each should belong to a different school. These boys and girls were joined by five from Nottingham who had qualified themselves by special knowledge of the work of the League, and around this nucleus gathered others, whose parents were able to pay the expenses of the trip, so that the total number at last rose to nearly a hundred.

Camp Fire Songs

They visited the Secretariat and the I.L.O.; they listened to talks and asked questions, and those who had eyes to see and ears to hear got a picture of how the work of the League is carried on so that it became real and alive, something definite and forceful in the world today. Finally, on their last night, they marched with lanterns to the friendly gardens of the Quaker Student Hostel and sang songs around a camp fire, dimly realising what a wonderful experience they had had, and sorely regretting that it had come to an end.

Three people have been largely responsible for the inspiration of this visit. One is the editor of a newspaper, the Nottingham Journal (the paper on which the creator of Peter Pan and the Editor of the C.N. both began to be journalists), another is the headmistress of a school, who has brought out a party of girls for several years in succession, the third is the man who gave the fifteen scholarships to Quaker schools. His was a particularly generous act, because during the war he did not himself receive much kindness as a naturalised German living in England. Now he repays the slights and indignities and boycotting he suffered then by helping English children to live, think, and work for a better future.

All honour and gratitude to this generous man, Frederick Mertens of Rugby.

A LITTLE CEREMONY WORDSWORTH SAW

The 300-year-old ceremony of rush-bearing, once witnessed by Wordsworth, was recently performed in the old church of St. Oswald at Grasmere, great-grandchildren of Wordsworth taking part in the festivities.

Sweet rushes, once needed to cover the rude earthen floors, were strewn by rush-bearers, who received a piece of gingerbread and a new coin in place of the beer-money paid in olden days.

Many symbolic designs were carried in the procession, including the wishing gate, serpent on pole, a maypole with ribbons, and Moses in the bulrushes.

A LADY'S GOOD DEED

A lady, aged 63, was walking along the towing-path of a Midland canal the other day when she saw a boy fall into the water. Two other boys were with him, but they ran away. Some boys are brave and faithful, and some are not.

Without a moment's hesitation the lady lowered herself into deep water, clinging with one hand to the bank, while with the other hand she clutched the boy and drew him to the side. Then people who were near helped them both out of the canal.

Her name is Mrs. Plant, and she is a minister's widow. Bravery and presence of mind are not limited by sex or age.

AUSTRALIA'S LABOUR TROUBLES

ELECTION ABOUT ARBITRATION

Should the Commonwealth or the States Control It?

MR. BRUCE AND MR. HUGHES

Australia has been plunged into another General Election over her labour troubles.

The Commonwealth has been a pioneer in many political reforms, but her difficulties over arbitration in disputes between employers and workmen have been a warning rather than an example for the rest of the Empire. A great system of compulsory arbitration has been developed, but the difficulty is always the compulsion, and that is why in Britain we prefer to make it voluntary. In Australia the awards of the Arbitration Courts have been defied again and again when those affected have considered them unjust.

Hopeless Confusion

Arbitration began in the several States, formerly called Colonies, into which Australia is divided. Then Courts for the whole Commonwealth were set up to deal with disputes which stretched beyond the boundaries of individual States, and gradually the State Courts and the Commonwealth Courts have come to overlap in their work to such a degree that hopeless confusion has been the result.

Mr. Bruce, the Commonwealth Prime Minister who has just resigned, has been trying hard to bring order out of chaos and to restore the authority of the Courts.

The first thing was to sort out their powers, and he began by asking the Governments of the States to take away from the State Courts the powers that were in conflict with those of the Commonwealth Courts. The State Governments refused. Then he said that the only thing was to take away from the Commonwealth Courts the powers that were in conflict with those of the State Courts! It is this proposal which has now been defeated by Mr. Hughes, and has brought about the General Election.

A Majority of One

Mr. Hughes became Prime Minister in the early days of the war, when he was leader of the Labour Party, but later he formed a Coalition Government, and he is still nominally a member of the Coalition now led by Mr. Bruce, with Labour in Opposition. It was Mr. Hughes who set up the Commonwealth Arbitration Courts, and he was all for insisting on reducing the powers of the State Courts, as Mr. Bruce had first proposed, so he led a revolt against him.

With the help of a few other mutineers from the Coalition and the Labour Opposition he carried an amendment to Mr. Bruce's Bill by a majority of one vote, declaring that the Bill should not be brought into operation until it had been submitted to the people. So now it is to be submitted to the people, with what result no one can guess.

The Commonwealth Parliament has only once before been dissolved. That was when there was a deadlock between the Senate and the House of Representatives. Always, apart from that, it has sat for its full life of three years. The last General Election took place only a year ago.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Corentyne	Ko-ren-tine
Duisburg	Doo-is-boorg
Entre Rios	Ayn-tray Re-os
Misiones	Me-se-o-nase
Mundesley	Muns-ley
Ootacamund	Oo-tah-kah-mund
Titania	Te-tay-ne-ah

URANUS AT ITS NEAREST

NEARLY 1800 MILLION MILES AWAY

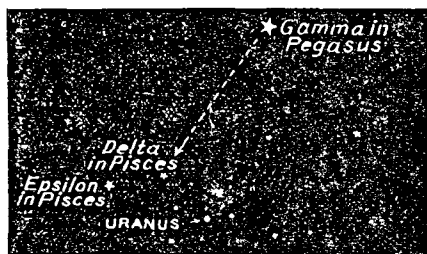
The Green Planet and its Retinue of Moons REFLECTED SUNLIGHT

By the C.N. Astronomer

The remote world of Uranus will be at its nearest to the Earth on Thursday, October 3, and 1,769,000,000 miles away.

Uranus is in the same region of the sky as Pallas, which was described last week. Being slightly above sixth magnitude, it is just perceptible to the naked eye on a dark and clear night; and the great Square of Pegasus will be our best guide to find it. Gamma in Pegasus, the star at the bottom left-hand corner of the Square, is shown in the accompanying star-map. Uranus will be found to the south-east of this star, about as far away from Gamma as Gamma is from Alpherat, the star at the upper left-hand corner of the Square.

Of the other stars shown on the map few are brighter than Uranus, which is



Where to find Uranus

now travelling toward the right to the extent of about the apparent width of the Moon in a fortnight. He will pass very close to and below a star about as bright as Uranus from October 15 to 17, but the Moon's presence at that time will make telescopic powers necessary in order to see it.

There is a singular fascination in getting a view of the little greenish disc of Uranus through a powerful telescope. It is only 4 seconds of arc in width. How small this is may be realised from the fact that 450 discs this apparent size could be placed in a row across the apparent disc of the Full Moon.

Were Uranus as near to us as the Moon, however, it would appear as a great sphere nearly 14½ times the width; and there would be, in addition, its retinue of four moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon—named in their order outward from Uranus. These would revolve round the planet not like most moons, from left to right in the front portion of their orbits, but from bottom to top.

Why the Light is Green

These moons are estimated to be all much smaller than our Moon; Ariel with a diameter of about 600 miles, Umbriel of 450, Titania 1200, and Oberon of about 1000 miles, as compared with 2150 miles, the diameter of our Moon; and 30,900 miles the diameter of Uranus.

The moons of Uranus therefore require powerful telescopes to see them, their reflected sunlight taking, at the present time, a little over 2½ hours to reach us; consequently, if one of them passes behind Uranus we still see it for 2½ hours after it is hidden. The light which reaches us from Uranus left the Sun nearly 5½ hours before, having traversed some 3,630,000,000 miles in that time. But it is not quite the same light that left the Sun; it has become greenish instead of yellowish. Analysis shows that this is due to some very rarefied and unknown element in the upper regions of the dense atmosphere that envelops Uranus. G. F. M.

THE TREASURES OF THE SYNAGOGUE

How They Were Saved

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his neighbour.

There must have been full measure of that love, pressed down and running over, in the hearts of the handful of men who the other day risked their lives to save, not the bodies, but the spiritual treasures of their neighbours.

A great fire had broken out in a little Lithuanian town which is mostly inhabited by Jews, and forty or fifty families were rendered homeless. In the general panic and confusion nobody noticed that the synagogue had also caught fire. Some Roman Catholic priests who had come to the town for a church assembly saw the flames and rushed out to see whether they could help. It took them but a minute to realise that the synagogue and all it contained were doomed unless something was done at once.

Their own deep religious feeling told them what it would mean for their neighbours of another faith to have their sacred book and vessels perish in the flames, and they threw themselves unhesitatingly into the breach, even at the peril of their lives, to prevent so dire a catastrophe.

It is good to know that their heroic labour of love was not in vain, and that, although more than one of them was badly burned, there was no loss of life.

JOY IN JAPAN

No More Night Work for Women

By Our League Correspondent

After eighteen years of waiting for the Factory Act to come in force the women of Japan are at last set free from night work in factories.

The First of July this year was for them a joy day and was celebrated with great relief and gladness in many ways.

One industrial association has decided to commemorate it regularly as Health Day, and has requested the factories belonging to it to begin by giving a medical examination to all their workers and to start some sort of athletics for them.

A thousand young people and nearly two hundred thousand women will now be able to live more normally, and to sleep regularly at night.

But there is still much to be desired. Though the hours of work are now reduced to eight and a half a day, the first shift in the cotton mills begins at 5 a.m. and the second goes on until 11 p.m., which does not give a long time for rest.

There are still some employers who, though welcoming abolition of night work as good for health, fear that it may weaken Japan as a competitor in the world's markets, but they also realise that the reform will ease the tension with India, where night work was abolished some time ago and where it was felt to be unfair that Japan did not follow suit.

THE CRASH OF A GLACIER

Bit by bit the mysterious land of Tibet, one of the world's last strongholds of the unknown, is yielding up its secrets.

Soon the whole wild mountainous country will be mapped. Its rulers no longer keep European explorers out. The latest traveller to add to our knowledge is a Dutchman, Mr. R. G. Visser, who has penetrated into 1160 square miles of mountain scenery, in which are fifty glaciers not hitherto known.

Exploring in these regions is both difficult and dangerous. When the ice yields before the influence of spring enormous glaciers move with terrific force. When one of these broke away the crash could be heard nearly twenty miles off.

A DAYDREAM COME TO LIFE

Four Men Set Out on a Great Adventure

ROUND THE WORLD IN A 15-TON YACHT

A little boat, appropriately called the Daydream, has set out on a great adventure as valiantly as any ship of discovery in Tudor days.

Happily the dangers of capture on the high seas and of being sold into slavery are no more. Yet Mr. J. R. P. Campbell, of Sligo, a Cambridge blue, and Mr. P. Merton, of Sussex, are doing a brave thing. Not only have they given up good appointments and chances in life for the sake of the adventure of seeing the world, but they are facing many dangers of heavy seas and bad weather. Their 15-ton yacht, which draws seven feet of water, is only 42 feet long.

A sailing boat is one of the most beautiful things that have been made by man, and with her 1000 square feet of sail set the Daydream must look verily of "such stuff as dreams are made on" as, with Youth at the helm, she glides in and out of the ports of the world.

Books and Wireless

All the voyagers on this brave venture are in the twenties. The crew is made up of two brothers from Brixham, Jack and George Fry, who have their berths in the engine-room. In the saloon, under the berths of the owners of the Daydream, are stowed emergency water tanks containing 350 gallons, and bookshelves and a portable wireless have made it into a cosy little sitting-room.

Rations for three weeks are being carried. In case the vessel should become becalmed a six-cylinder motor-engine has been installed, and there is enough petrol to last for 300 miles.

Seeing the world in the best and cheapest way is the idea of the voyage, which may last two or three years. The Daydreamers have wisely made no fixed programme, for theirs is to be no regular tour, where everything is done for them and the spice of adventure lost like the germ of wheat in the white flour of civilisation. Never to know what may happen next is the essence of adventure, and at present the four men are cruising the Mediterranean as far as Greece with the future still a lovely dream on the horizon.

HOW CARDIFF LOST £500

Why Not Send it to Sir Ronald Ross?

We hope the city councillors of Cardiff have sent a subscription to the Ronald Ross fund.

They understand, if no one else does, that the man who studies insects is a practical public servant.

It is not that insects have brought malaria to Cardiff. They do carry disease, we know, but the Cardiff insects have merely amused themselves by biting bathers in the lake at Roath Park. Therefore, people ceased to bathe, even in the heat wave, and a drop of £500 in revenue is expected.

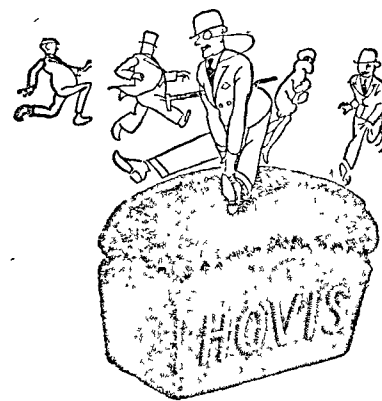
The man with the microscope will show how the insects can be exterminated.

WHAT A HAIR CAN DO

A steam engine so tiny that its driving band is a hair from the head of the maker's wife is to be seen at the Model Engineer Exhibition in London.

Next time you see an engine of any kind look at its driving band, large, powerful, heavy, and then think of a hair. That will show you how exquisitely a miniature machine can be fashioned.

A watchmaker made this one.



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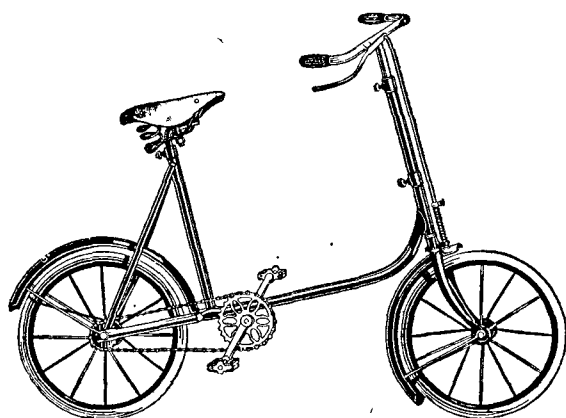
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14 in. Frame, best Seamless Cycle Tubing.
12 in. Wheels, Direct Spoke.
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Light Roller Chain.
Nickel-plated Handle Bars—adjustable.
Nickel-plated Chain Wheel, Crank, & Pedals.
Two-coil Pan Seat Saddle—cannot get out of shape.
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Finished Black Enamel, gold lined.

**BUILT FOR JOY
BUT NOT A TOY.**



Every packet of Clark's Creamed Barley contains a Red Seal. This beautifully-made Cycle will be given free for 200 CCB Red Seals to the first 4,000 applicants. You can secure one now by using Coupon below, which gives you 100 Coupons Free. After you have sent in this Coupon, and your name has been registered, you can send only 100 Red Seals, at Xmas or any time within one year, and receive this cycle entirely free and carriage paid. This cycle is made in England, by the British Steel Toy Manufacturing Co. Register now by using this Coupon, and send only 100 CCB Red Seals when you have collected them—any time within a year.

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SEND THIS COUPON
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TO CLARK'S CREAMED BARLEY, 72, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.
Please register my name and reserve for me one of the 4,000 Cycles you offer for CCB Children. It is understood that this Coupon has the value of 100 Red Seals, and that a cycle will be sent free and carriage paid when I send you only 100 CCB Red Seals.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NAME OF GROCER.....

This Coupon is a voucher for 100 Coupons, but is invalid unless 100 Red Seals from CCB packets are sent in with it or at a later date.

**100 COUPONS
FREE**

L & S

A DEAR OLD LADY No One Can Take Her Place

In her eightieth year Oxford University bestowed the honorary degree of M.A. upon a very beautiful old lady.

Now at 87 she has died, and it is well that other places besides Oxford should know something of her remarkable life.

Charlotte Byron Symonds spent her childhood in a stately mansion known as Clifton Hill House. With her brother John, who was one day to be a famous writer on the Renaissance, she played in a lovely terraced garden looking over the Avon valley. She did lessons with the brilliant boy, shared his love of art, and married one of his friends, Thomas Hill Green, a Fellow and tutor of Balliol College.

A Precious Influence

This clever, good, and charming woman was immediately popular in Oxford. It has been claimed that of three successive Masters of Balliol not one could have done his work as he did without her. Undergraduates and tutors alike were under the sway of her precious influence.

But after some ten years of happy intellectual life came tragedy. Professor Green was taken ill and died.

His widow found that he had left legacies to the High School, to found a Moral Philosophy Prize, and to help higher education in towns, but this money was to be paid after her own death. She, however, paid it at once. Then she became a district nurse.

This brilliant woman, who had been the friend of Jowett and Conington, the sister of John Addington Symonds and the wife of a philosopher, now gave up the delights of a life among such men and submitted to two years of hospital training.

Helping Others

She thought that was the best way in which she could help the poor. Always she had loved and befriended them. Now she became a nurse for them. She saved Jowett's life by her nursing, and she was able to console him in his last illness and be with him to the end.

For many years she worked on the Committee of Management of Radcliffe Infirmary, on the Council of Somerville College, and on the Education Committee of the Oxford City Council. To the end she was beautiful to see, delightful to talk with, and always interested in young people and new ideas. No one can take her place in Oxford.

She was one of the finest types produced by the Victorian Era, a woman whose big heart was matched by a big mind.

REMEMBERING 1500 BIRTHDAYS

Some years ago the C.N. gave an account of Summer Services for children conducted on the seashore at Shanklin by the Rev. F. W. Robertson Dorling. The services were carried on there for 17 years, and for the last four years have been continued at Dawlish. This year they have been transferred to Teignmouth.

Mr. Dorling keeps a register of children attending them, with their home addresses and birthdays, and every year sends a birthday greeting to all with whom he has kept in touch. His list now numbers over 1500.

He has written a book entitled *21 Not Out*, which may be obtained from his address, Delamere, Dawlish, Devon, for a shilling. It tells in a most interesting way how this remarkable enterprise has been carried on, and the spirit displayed is so fine that the reader does not wonder at its success.

WHERE AIRSHIPS CANNOT GO DANGERS OF THE TROPICS

Problems Still to be Solved
by the Flying Men

AT THE MERCY OF THE WEATHER

The approaching trials of the British airships now practically ready for launching in Yorkshire and Bedfordshire have brought forth many fanciful tales of what they are expected to accomplish once they have taken the air. Between these accounts and the actual expectations of the scientists who have designed the ships there is a great gap.

With dimensions challenging those of our ocean-going steamships, with a cubic capacity of five million feet and accommodation for a hundred people, these two airships are formidable and wonderful beyond all precedent; but they are only a hope, a promise of what may be.

Uprush of Hot Air

It is desirable, then, to remind C.N. readers that there is no expectation that these air monsters will be able to sail anywhere at any time.

Although the elevators of an airship normally control the height at which the vessel is to cruise the uprush of heated air in the most dangerous of tropical areas is so rapid and violent that no elevator controls could strive with success against it.

In spite of the skill of mechanical invention and the art of the navigator of the air, the vessel would be thrust into altitudes which would endanger it, and would cause such an enormous expansion of the gas balloons as to involve bursting or the letting out of such quantities of gas as to reduce buoyancy when normal latitudes were reached.

No Time-Tables Yet

Areas such as those must always be avoided, and therefore it is idle to write of the future of airships as if they were to sail all routes at all seasons. Ice keeps steamships out of polar seas; heat will keep airships out of the most dangerous of tropical latitudes.

It is curious to reflect that heated air, obtained by lighting fires in the carrier below the balloon, raised the first man-carrying balloons for their initial flights through the sky, and that air heated by the Sun is to defy the attempts at world-wide flight by the latest descendants of the old balloons.

Apart from all considerations as to the Tropics, however, definite limits to the powers of the airship are recognised by their contrivers. It is true that the Graf Zeppelin has shown other airships the way round the world; but neither she nor any other airship yet thought of could maintain time-table sailings to match the regularity of steamships.

Atlantic Weather Reports

The people behind the British airships are scientists, not speculators, and they declare without hesitation or apology that there will be many days between the beginning of December and the end of February when it will be impossible for airships to venture over the Atlantic.

They assert that it would have been possible to predict the failure of every aeroplane which has been lost in trying to fly from England to America or from America to England. Constant exchange of weather reports between the two countries enables the authorities on both sides of the Atlantic to estimate the character of the weather conditions for an Atlantic passage.

As the Meteorological Office is at present able to notify farmers in advance of several days of fine weather, so they will one day foretell the weather for an Atlantic flight, and airships will fly or stay at home in accordance with such forecasts.

THE SHADOW

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 1 Father and Son

THE tent was cleverly made of a couple of sheets. Admission was by raising a flap and crawling. The Union Jack, drooping lazily on its short staff, kept one eye on this entrance and the other on a black cauldron, which, suspended over crackling logs on a tripod, had begun to bubble with a thin, pleasant whisper.

April was dying. Already the larches and beeches surrounding the tent had abandoned the dispirited aspect of winter to put forth eager shoots of the tenderest green. There was much gentle warmth in the air and much fragrance of growing things.

The boy was lying by the mouth of his tent at full length. There was none to share his encampment except the trees and the squirrels, whose winter store of nuts had run low, and those silent heroes of flood and field who marched through the pages of the book in his hands. Now and then he lent an ear to his cauldron, twice he rose to inspect and stir its simmering contents, once he moved restlessly and turned round and round on his rug, much as a dog does, to settle its surface comfortably, but otherwise he remained far away with his book.

This prostrate attitude revealed lithe limbs and good shoulders, but concealed the dreamy face and the delicate features. Fair of skin, clear of eye, with hair like straw, without a word he claimed his Saxon descent. Eyes of a gentle blue, yet so calm and strong that it would have been as impossible to imagine fear shaking them as to conceive of meanness or cowardice cowering behind them.

But a certain wistfulness was filling them while he read on. These high adventures, these noble quests and brave deeds, would they ever spring from the printed page into his life? This encampment in his father's woods was real enough; but no painted savages glided past in the shadow, fitting arrow to string; when he closed his eyes he could picture them, people his wood with them; but when he opened his eyes they were gone again. No enemy passed with stealthy tread down the glades.

Yet there were days when Peter Franklin found nothing amiss with his world as he watched the river for trout when March was approaching, or sprang to the back of one of his father's colts, or roamed at dawn with a keeper to tend the young pheasants, or learned the lore of beast and bird from the mole-catchers.

Oh, great days to think back to. No, nothing amiss with the world—and how was his stew doing?

With this reflection so unromantically breaking his thoughts Peter sprang to his feet, and was bending over the cauldron when at some distance beyond the boles of the trees he sensed something moving. He sensed the movement before he distinguished the figure, that of a thin, spare man with bent head, who brushed the saplings aside as he stepped from the bridle path.

Peter lifted his voice. "Mr. Scharner!" he called.

But either the larches or the crackling logs muffled his tones, or he had not raised them enough, for the other passed on. His nose was on a book. Peter detected that also, and smiled. For although he had brought his own book out with him, he didn't, he thought, go about with his nose on one always, as Mr. Scharner seemed to have done since he'd come. Two months since his arrival, but never, indoors or out, without a book!

Slicing it handily with a horn-handled knife, he devoured his stew off a tin plate after his larder in the tent had produced bread and water. He was finishing when there rang a hail of "Ahoys there!" which changed his dreamy expression to one of delight and drew from his lips a tremendous shout in return.

There was no mistaking the oncomer's identity. The features were Peter's features, the light hair was Peter's; the set of the shoulders, fair skin, straight blue eyes, all were Peter's. When Peter should have reached his father's age just thus would he look as he strode through the trees and came to the clearing.

Thirty-five-year-old Peter marched straight to the cauldron, tipped it up with a disgusted expression.

"It's empty, you pig!" he complained. Fifteen-year-old Peter laughed gaily and answered, "Squat down, sir."

So the newcomer settled himself on a log, and after some moments of looking at and away from his son announced that he had come to have a chat. There was that in

his tone which Peter recognised instantly; it was a note of uneasiness and gravity.

Peter came close to him. "Dad, what is it?" he asked.

"It's about your mother," his father replied, with an effort. "You don't understand, old man, quite how unwell she has been. The doctors tell me I must take her right away, a very long way. So we are going for a cruise among the islands in the South Seas; we're going to Samoa, where Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and to Honolulu and Haiti and the Marquesas."

"Oh, splendid!" cried Peter, who already could hear the palms whispering, and the surf boiling up to the beaches, and the screeching of sea-birds among the rigging of wrecks.

"Oh, splendid!" he repeated, with shining eyes.

CHAPTER 2 Falcon's Flight

HIS father hesitated. "Ah," he said quietly, "but you and I have both got our jobs to do, Peter. My job is to take your mother and look after her; your job—"

"Is to lend you a hand!" Peter interjected triumphantly.

"Yes, but not in the manner you are supposing. Your job, old man, is to stay and get on with your work."

Peter started. The light died out of his eyes. "Do you mean," he uttered in strained tones, "that I'm not to go with you?" His face was twitching.

"You've got to stand up to your job, old man. Your job is work."

With a swift movement Peter turned and was lost in the trees, the other making no effort to detain or follow him.

"The lad's biting on the bullet," he uttered. "He'll do."

And shortly from the trees returned a slim figure, who said in the same quiet voice his father had used: "Dad, I quite understand. Of course you can't take me."

"Then I'll tell you what I've arranged for you, Peter, old boy."

The steady blue eyes of the man were searching his son's, which met their search without flinching under this shock of a long separation and keen disappointment. Peter would have given his skin, as his father knew, to be off to those seas of romance and adventure. And, as his father guessed, he was pricked with anxiety to learn what lot lay in store for himself. A lonely and tedious summer of work with Scharner? There was nothing in that prospect except depression. Still, whatever came along, he must grin and bear it. For his father had called it his "job." So it was, he supposed.

With these reflections, "Half a sec., if you please, Dad," he begged.

Then, probably to gain more time to compose himself, he unhooked the cauldron, stamped out the now smouldering logs, and, on hands and knees, unpegged his tent, stripped, and folded it; whereupon, with a glance to make sure that all was ship-shape, he rose, brushed the soil from his hands, and remarked, "Fire away, sir!"

His father nodded and beckoned him to the log. When they were side by side the news could be broken.

"If you had any brothers and sisters things would be different, but as it is I've only got you to consider; I intend to shut this place up."

Peter had felt all the time that this must be coming. So good-bye to his woods and his trout and his gallops!

"The keepers and so forth will stay to look after the estate, but I shall send the indoor staff to their homes and close the house."

Peter waited. His father was taking his time. But the wrench of separation was not one-sided.

"You have heard me speak now and then of my friend Colonel Grevel?"

"Who lives on a moor?"

"Yes, on a moor. He's an older man than I am. A very good chap."

"You've mentioned him once or twice, I remember," said Peter.

"And Mrs. Grevel has always been a dear friend of your mother. She is a very lively and charming woman; good company."

So I've got to go and stay with these Grevels, thought Peter. But mischievously he would not help his father out. Therefore all the answer he gave was: "Please, what about them?"

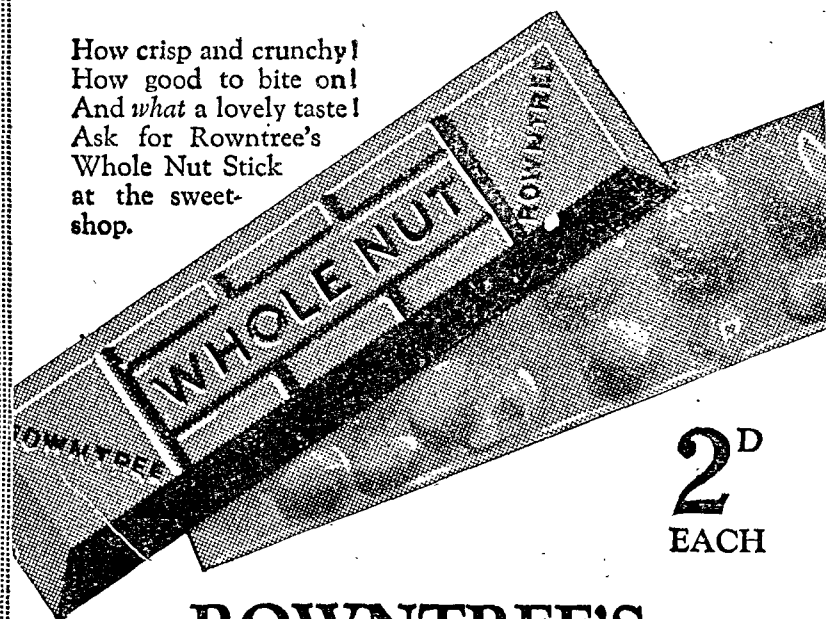
His father cleared his throat and looked fiercely in front of him, dodging Peter's eye. "Er—old man," he said gruffly, "er—old man, you'll enjoy yourself. You'll have a rare time!"

"Yes, but where, please?" breathed Peter demurely.

Continued on the next page

Toasted Barcelona Nuts in Delicious Milk Chocolate

How crisp and crunchy!
How good to bite on!
And what a lovely taste!
Ask for Rowntree's
Whole Nut Stick
at the sweet-
shop.



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For your cosy
garb, that mother likes to make herself

"Viyella" standard weight, plain cream, 31 in. Per yard, 3/6
pastel shades, neat or bold stripes, etc., 31 in. Per yard, 3/11

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Printed "Viyella." An entirely new range of beautiful printed floral designs on colourful backgrounds. There are scores of designs each of which is rendered in many different colour effects. Guaranteed fast and unshrinkable. 31 in. wide, 4/6

"Viyella" for frocks, in new and exclusive fancy weaves, basket weaves, tweed effects, tiny checks and over-checks with hundreds of plain shades to match each design. Many of the designs and colours have marl backgrounds. 31 in. wide, 4/11

Chilly days are nearly here. Keep cosy and comfy with dainty garments of "Viyella" fine twill flannel. Ask Mother to make your undies and nighties, your colourful frocks and scarves of this soft, rich looking fabric. Guaranteed unshrinkable, "Viyella" will stand all the washing your active school wear necessitates.

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ASK MOTHER TO BE SURE TO SEE NAME "Viyella" ON DETACHABLE SELVEDGE LABELS EVERY YARD OR SO. If any difficulty in obtaining, please write for address of suitable retailer to Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (suppliers to Trade only), 897, Viyella House, Old Change, London, E.C.4.

"I told you, you young scoundrel," came with a jerk.
 "No, Dad, you didn't. You began to talk of the Grevels."
 "Well, you're quick enough when you are!"

"I'm sorry, Dad. I guessed what you meant," confessed Peter.

Then both laughed together, like two tried friends who rejoice that an awkward corner has been turned smoothly. "You will like Falcon's Flight," the elder went on, more at ease. "It has been in Colonel Grevel's family for centuries. A fine old place, standing right on top of the moor."

Peter's eyes were kindling. "Falcon's Flight! What a queer name!" he uttered.

"Yes, and so is the story about it," his father replied. "A falcon is a species of hawk, as you know, trained for hawking. Well, this house of Colonel Grevel dates back, as I told you, hundreds of years, although no doubt it has been restored more than once. It was one of our King Edwards, the Second or Third, I forget which, who bestowed the estate that goes with it on a Grevel."

"For some service?"

"Yes, for some service the Grevel had rendered him. And the story goes that the king made mighty professions of gratitude, and one day when they were about to hawk on the moor, the Grevel with his favourite falcon on his wrist, the king told the Grevel that he would give him domain over moor, fen, forest, and river, not merely so far as the eye could reach, but so far as his falcon could fly before dusk."

"Phew!" uttered Peter, with his eyes at their widest.

"Yes, so far as his falcon could fly before dusk. With that he bade the Grevel unhood his falcon and fly it. The spot is marked still by the Tor Stone; you'll see it yourself."

"And how far did the falcon fly?" Peter cried.

His father smiled. "Ah, the king was canny," he answered. "He was making a great show of royal generosity, but he never meant it to cost him too much. So he had privily ordered one of his falconers to beat the marshes for a crane, and to send that crane up directly he spied the falcon approaching. This the man did; and you can imagine what happened when the great crane took to its wings and went sailing off!"

Continued in the last column

JACKO HEARS THE HORN

MOTHER JACKO looked up from a letter.

"Aunt Matilda is catching the twelve o'clock train," she said, "and that arrives at two o'clock, doesn't it, Jacko?"

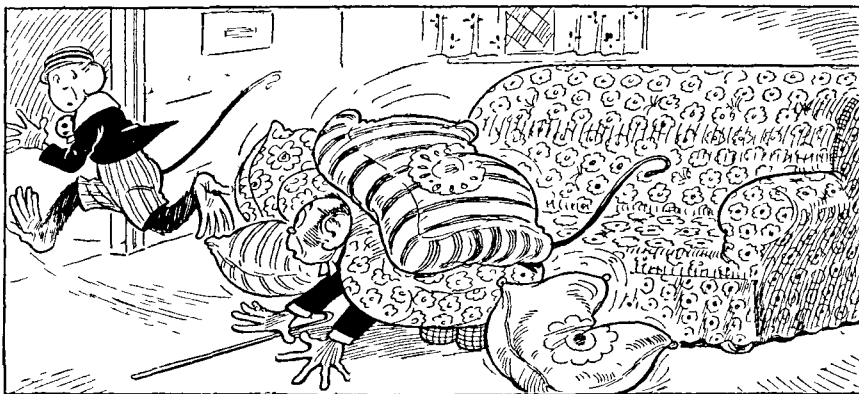
"Yes," replied Jacko. "Why?"

"Because I want you to meet it," said his mother.

"But I can't!" exclaimed Jacko. "I'm going with Uncle Toby to choose his new car."

"Dear me! So you were," said Mother Jacko. "That is disappointing. But I'm afraid you must go, dear," she added firmly. "Aunt Matilda would be dreadfully offended if nobody met her."

Jacko thought long and hard. So far as he was concerned Aunt Matilda could wait at the station till Domesday. But how was he to get hold of Uncle Toby?



Jacko sprang up and made for the door

If he hung around the house he'd certainly be caught. He'd have to hide. Yes, that was the idea, hide and listen for Uncle Toby's motor-horn, and then rush him off before anyone could stop them.

When a quarter to two came Mother Jacko came out of the kitchen and called "Jacko! It's time you were off. Why, where is the boy? I suppose he's gone already. He's a good lad—sometimes."

Meanwhile the good lad was reposing comfortably under the big cushions of the drawing-room sofa.

Presently the door opened and somebody came in, made straight for the sofa, and sat down heavily on Jacko.

"Coo! Dad!" breathed Jacko. "I hope Uncle Toby will hurry up."

Just then there was a loud hoot in the lane outside.

"There he is!" thought Jacko, and he sprang up and made for the door.

"You young scoundrel!" exclaimed a voice from the floor.

Jacko turned. It was not Father Jacko he had upset, but Uncle Toby!

You can picture the disgust on the Grevel's face, Peter!"

Peter looked rather puzzled. "Why?" he demanded.

"Why! Because the moment it spotted the crane the falcon naturally thought of nothing but hunting. So instead of pursuing its flight it circled, and then mounted higher and higher in order to attack the crane from above. The crane was a game bird. They went at it hammer and tongs, and after a noble running fight in the air they both came down dead about seven miles from the Tor Stone. So all the Grevel got was that patch of bare moor. He built his Manor on the very spot where his dead falcon dropped from the air interlocked with the crane."

"And is that why he christened his house Falcon's Flight?"

"Yes. And a Grevel has always lived there. I don't think the place has been touched since Queen Elizabeth's time. It's a beautiful old place. But the Colonel's not rich. And his house is too remote for doing any entertaining."

Peter was silent, his thoughts gripped by the story of the falcon and the crane dropping dead from the skies. He could vision it all the gay party cantering after them, the crafty smile on the king's face, the chagrin on the Grevel's, and the Grevel's grief for the loss of his favourite.

"It was tough luck on the Grevel!" he said with a frown.

"Yes," his father agreed, as they rose to their feet. "Well, we had better be getting back to your mother. I'll carry these." He stooped and picked up the sheets, then shouldered the tripod. "You'll manage the rest, will you? Ready?"

They were at the edge of the wood before Peter found his voice again. Then he asked whether Mr. Scharner was to accompany him.

"To Falcon's Flight? Of course! To get on with your work with you."

"Does he know yet? Have you told him yet, Dad?"

"Not yet. I'd a fancy to break the news to you first. I don't propose to tell him till nearer the time."

As Mr. Franklin spoke a figure passed through the trees, moving slowly, in deep thought, with gaze on the ground.

It was Mr. Scharner.

TO BE CONTINUED



(Knitted Fabric)

SHE'S as vigorous as her school-boy brothers—and as hard on clothes, Mother says.

BUT the "Liberty" was made for her. It fits so snugly, gives correct support, yet leaves her eager figure free.

THE soft, knitted fabric expands for breathing and exercise. Porous—it graduates cooling after heated games.

AND the "Liberty" washes and wears so splendidly that it outlasts many cheaper garments.

FREE GIFT.—Send us two paper coupons from recently purchased "Liberty" Bodices, with name and address of a friend not a "Liberty" Bodice wearer, and receive a charming skipping rope with bells. Dept. 56, Libertyland, Market Harborough.

★Ask your draper to show you the "Liberty" Bodice Combie. It has all the qualities of its famous twin, and is expressly designed for those who prefer the perfect combination.

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 Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



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—more satisfying than porridge. Needs no cooking.
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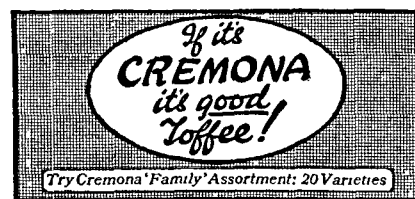
—GOOD FOR EVERYONE

How I Got My Wings

Is it difficult to learn to fly? How is it taught? Can anyone learn? You can read all about this fascinating subject in this week's MODERN BOY in which a New Pilot tells of his thrilling experiences whilst learning to fly. There are many other fine features in this issue that you will enjoy.

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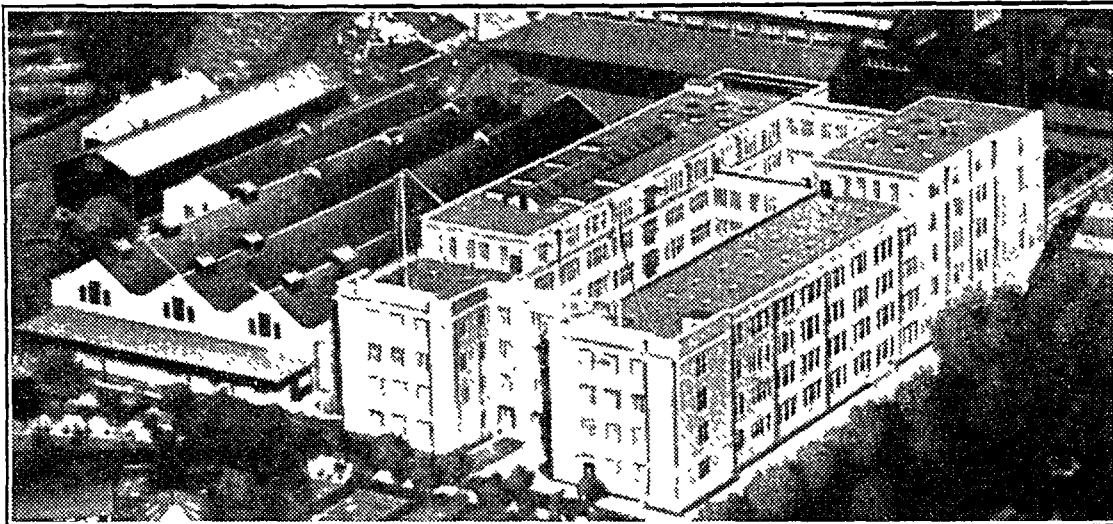
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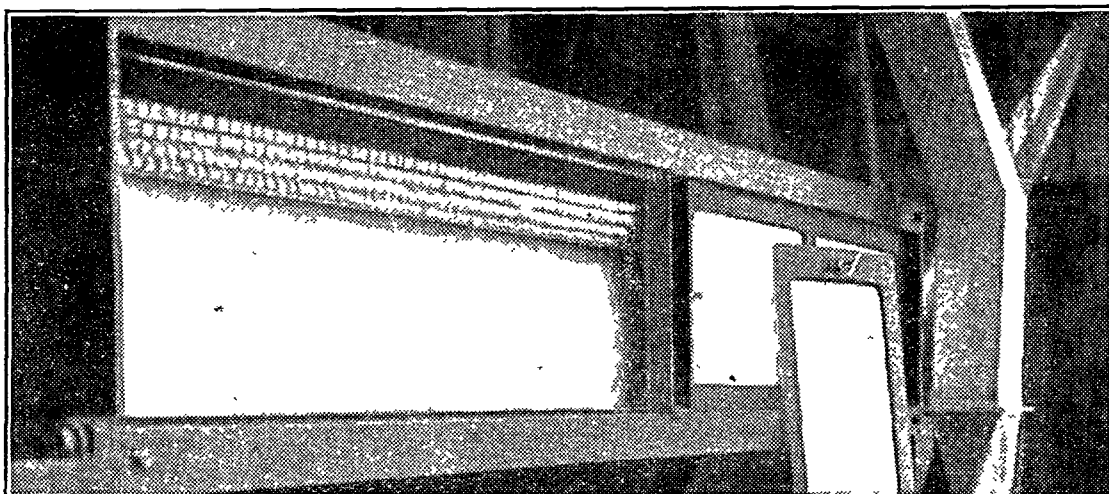
FOUR KINDS: Plain Milk; or with Toasted Almonds; or Nut Brazil; or Almonds & Raisins. Sold by Good-Class Confectioners in all sizes from 1d. to 1/2. Ask for the 6d. Chubby Bar.

THE LARGEST COCOA WORKS IN THE WORLD AT BOURNVILLE—THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN.

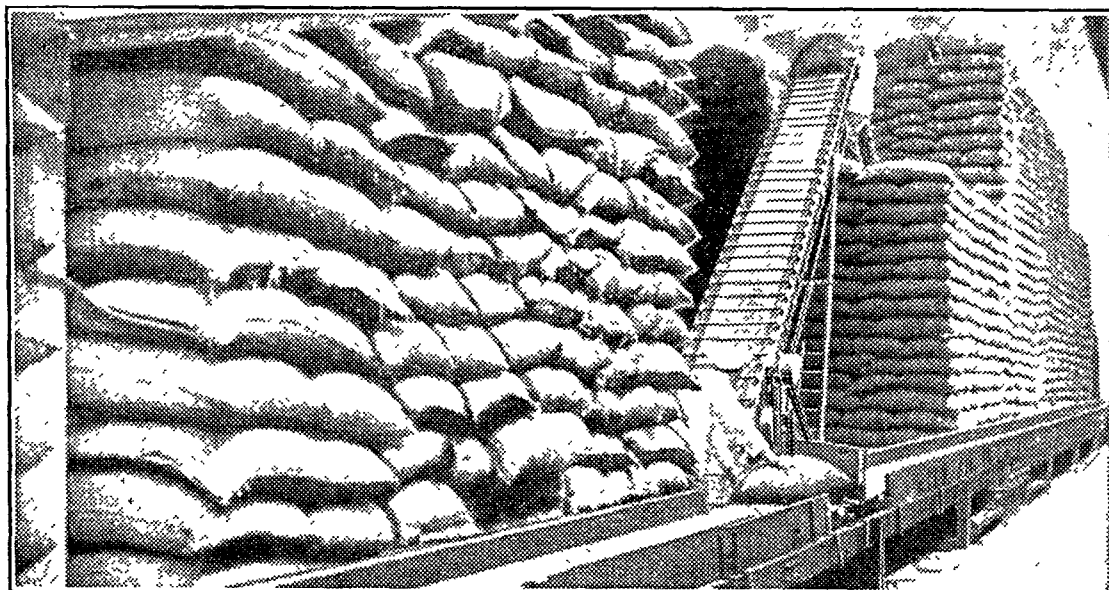
CADBURY'S GREAT NEW ENTERPRISE.



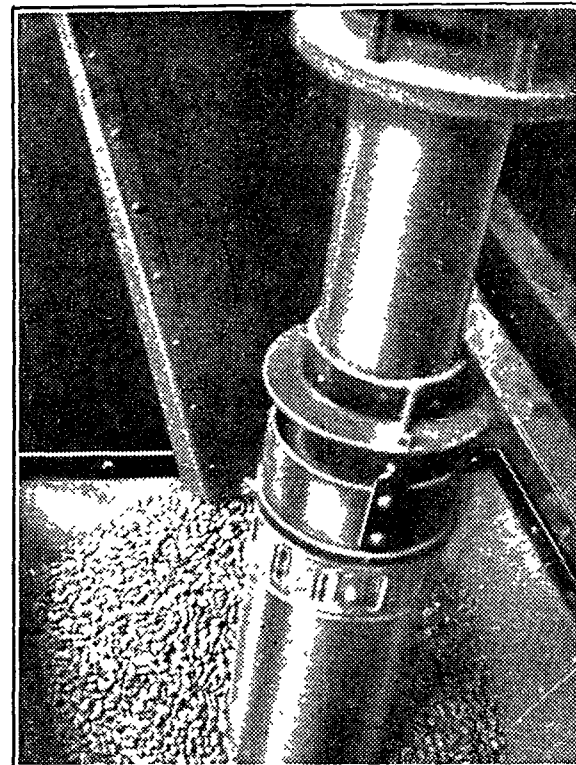
A CORNER OF BOURNVILLE WORKS. THE NEW COCOA FACTORY.—Some idea of the enormous size of this new factory will be obtained from the fact that it would accommodate about 300 six-roomed houses. It took over 2½ million bricks, 2,000 tons of cement, and 4,000 tons of steel to build it. This new huge building has been necessitated by the increasing popularity of Bournville Cocoa. The fact that a pound of Bournville Cocoa costs the housewife less to-day than it did before the war is due chiefly to its enormous sale and the modern methods of manufacture.



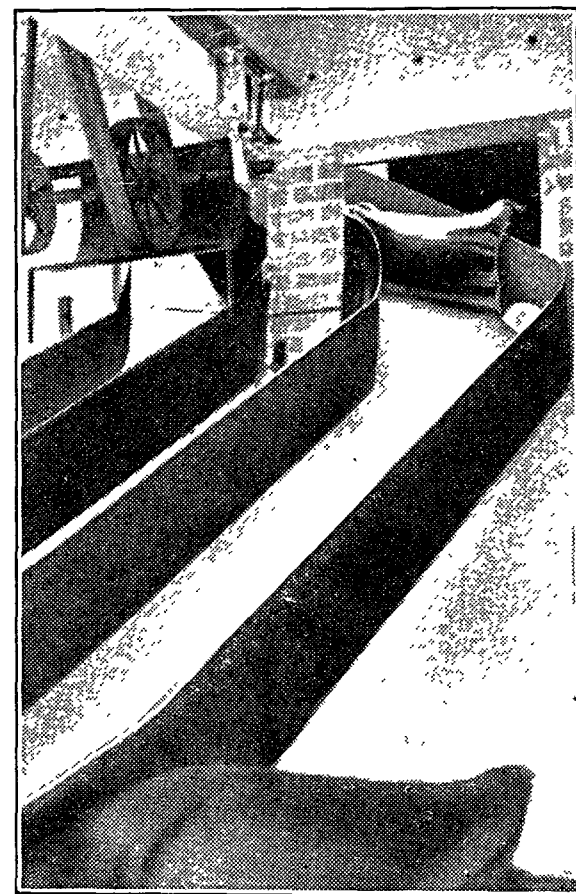
FINE ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH A SILK SIEVE.—This is the secret of the wonderful fineness and smoothness of Bournville Cocoa. Every grain of cocoa powder has to pass through this mesh of real silk, which ensures the high standard of quality required for Bournville Cocoa.



WAREHOUSING MILLIONS OF LBS. OF COCOA BEANS.—Over 17 million pounds weight of cocoa beans are in stock at one time, and to handle this enormous quantity the latest devices of stackers and conveyors have been installed.



THE COCOA BEAN ELEVATOR.—A feature of the factory is that the beans are always conveyed from process to process automatically. This makes for cleanliness. Air is used to draw up the cocoa beans in the Cocoa Bean Elevator; the blast being only strong enough to take the good cocoa beans, all undesirable material is left behind.



THE CHUTE.—Everything possible is conveyed by mechanical means. Here is an example of the gravity system. The sacks of cocoa beans are taken by automatic conveyor to the top floor of the factory and slide down the chutes ready to be examined and graded.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 14s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 28, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Borrowing Puzzle

GEORGE had the bad habit of borrowing money from his friend. One day he said to his chum Jack: "Lend me as much as I now have, and I will spend a shilling."

Having made his purchase he came back and said:

"Lend me as much as I have left and I will spend another shilling."

This was done, and he returned a third time and made the same request. After spending his third shilling he had no money left. How much did he start with?

Answer next week

Wild Flower of the Week

Thrift

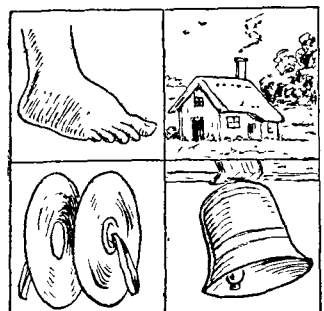
THE pretty thrift, or sea pink, is quite a common plant on our seashores and the tops of mountains, and now when flowers are getting scarce the roundish heads of rose-coloured blossoms found on this plant are very attractive. The name thrift has nothing to

do with carefulness or saving, but is part of the verb thrive, which means to press together, a reference to the clustered blossoms. Another name given to this plant is cushions, a reference to its soft nature.

Is Your Name Sisley?

SISLEY is really only a changed spelling of the feminine name Cicely, but it does not mean that the Sisleys were named after a female ancestor but that they were called after St. Cicely or Cecilia, on whose day, probably, an ancestor of the Sisleys was born.

A Picture Puzzle

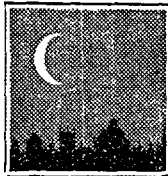


FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of a game.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Jupiter and Uranus are in the East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on September 29.



Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in letters to make the words described. When this has been done correctly the central diagonal line, represented by noughts, makes the name of a luscious fruit.

O***** .. Little by little.
*O***** .. A school lesson.
O*** .. A Christmas play.
O** .. At the tuck shop.
****O***** .. Regained.
*****O***** .. To vanish.
*****O***** .. Puppies' disease.
*****O***** .. Hard.
*****O***** .. Chess term.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Une armure Un alligator Un coureur
Vêtu d'une armure le chevalier part.
On trouve l'alligator en Amérique.
Ce coureur arrivera avant le reste.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE last of the martins depart for the South. The common snipe appears in plenty. The jack snipe arrives. The autumn green carpet moth appears. Walnut and horse-chestnut leaves begin to fall. The beech and maple leaves turn yellow. The strawberry tree flowers. Thrift is still found in blossom.

A Puzzle Story

Consternation

THE other evening a boy went to hear a great oratorio at a concert hall.

When he arrived he found everyone in a state of great surprise, for the secretary had forgotten to write an important letter, and one of the soloists was missing. You can imagine the secretary's consternation as he went off and sent a telegram which read *No tenor in cast*.

(If you look carefully at this message on the secretary's telegram you will see that it consists of the same letters as the word consternation.)

The people at the hall were willing to overlook the secretary's forgetfulness, and they decided that if he could find another tenor they would take *no stern action*.

(Again you will find that the letters printed in italics in this

phrase are the same as in the word consternation.)

The secretary did find another tenor, but the delay caused the concert to begin late, and the boy did not get home when he was expected.

His mother and sister were sewing in the drawing-room. His mother suddenly discovered that the piece of silk she was working on had a gash in it, and, calling the girl by name, she cried "O, N----- tis torn!" At the same moment the clock struck ten, and the girl, mentioning her brother's name, said anxiously "Ten! O----- not in!"

What his mother said and what his sister said both consist of the letters in this same word consternation.

What was the boy's name? And what was the name of his sister?

Answer next week

His Last Rhyme

This is the rhymed will of a minor officer of Queen Elizabeth's Court, one Humnis, who died on June 6, 1597.

To God my soul I do bequeathe, because it is His own,
My body to be laid in grave, where to my friends best known;
Executors I will none make, thereby great strife may grow,
Because the goods that I shall leave will not pay all I owe.

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Library. A collection of books is a library, and this word comes from the Latin word for a book, *liber*. *Liber* originally meant the bark of a tree, so that here again, in the familiar English word library, we get a fossil history telling us that one of the earliest materials on which men wrote or recorded their thoughts was the bark of a tree.

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate five words, each containing five letters, which when written one under the other will form a square of words.

A council. One who oils. Plea of being elsewhere. An insurgent. Pierce.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Word Square Two Prices

HEART 6s. and 2s.

ENDOW An Enigma

ADAGE Sole

ROGUE A Charade

TWEED Co-nun-drum

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

DEPENDS BAGGAGE
ERR OOTHECA DEN
REASON ATREATS
OMEN APE BAR N
GO R BIPED R VA
APPEAR EASTER
TEE YAWNING IRE
ENTERED STOREYS

Who Was She? Mary Queen of Scots

Dr. MERRYMAN

Absurd

A TERRIFIC clatter was heard coming from the kitchen.

"Horrors!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "What is that noise?"

"Sure, Mum," came the voice of Bridget the maid, "you don't expect me to break six plates and two dishes without any noise."

A Zooriosity



THE Neverglad is always sad, And full of gloom and woe. So on his tail he hangs a pail To catch the tears that flow.

Two Turks

JACK: Daddie took me to London yesterday and we had a Turkish bath.

JILL: That's nothing. We use Turkish towels every day at home.

Unnecessary Advice

SEEING an old Negro white-washing his chicken-house a visitor stopped and spoke.

"Say, Sambo," he said, "if you were to use a bigger brush you'd do twice as much work."

"Is dat so?" queried Sambo. "But you see, massa, I habn't got twice as much work to do."

Out of Work

TWO youths were discussing a mutual acquaintance.

"The colossal cheek," said one. "He actually told me he could get a job with anyone he pleased."

"Then why hasn't he got one?" queried the other.

"He hasn't pleased anybody yet."

Why Not Try?

THE conceited young man was having an argument, and was getting very flustered.

"You don't mean to insinuate that I can't tell the truth?" he said.

"Not at all, my boy," said his opponent. "We can't tell what a man can do until he tries."

Asking For It

HE was a very poor golfer, yet he had the nerve to ask the caddy how he liked his game.

"I still prefer golf, sir," said the caddy.

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your
Throat

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EATON
TOFFEE

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

WHERE to hide—that was John's problem. He had told the others when they played hide-and-seek yesterday that it would take them all day to find him, yet he was the first one found, though he hid in the linen press.

"But you won't find me tomorrow," John had said confidently.

Now it was within half an hour of hiding again, and he didn't feel quite so sure.

Hide-and-seek was a favourite game of his cousins, with whom he was staying, and, of course, they knew all the best places to hide. John wandered into the big hall. It was surrounded by suits of armour. A sudden

idea came to him. If the suits were hollow surely he could creep inside one of them?

The first suit he looked at had been sealed together, but the back came off the second, and John crept inside. He wasn't exactly comfortable, but that didn't matter. Then he slipped out of the suit, and, making a note of the right one, went and joined his cousins, who at once suggested the usual game.

"See if you can't find somewhere really difficult," said Charles, and John smiled.

He waited until they had all gone to hide; then he ran into the hall and popped inside the armour. He heard cries and laughs as the others

JOHN KNOWS WHERE TO HIDE

were found; then there were voices and noises in the hall. "Has anybody seen John?"



The hall was surrounded by armour

Charles was heard to ask. "No," said his father. "Has he really found a good

hiding-place at last? Be careful with that suit. Hold it upright."

John was lifted high up in his hiding-place. He wondered what had happened.

"Be careful how you clean this suit," his uncle went on. "It is the only hollow one."

"It isn't hollow now," said one of the workmen, who was moving it. "Something is moving inside."

"Impossible! Put it down and we will see. It must be the cat!"

But it was John whom they found when they opened the back, and he was seized upon by his cousins with glee.

"Didn't I find a good hiding place that time?" he said.